

# The Sketch

No. 1095.—Vol. LXXXV.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



AS SEEN IN THE PANTOMIME BALL AT THE ALBERT HALL: MRS. ALEXANDER LESLIE-MELVILLE

AS "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."

Amongst the law-suits down for hearing this term, in the Admiralty, Probate, and Divorce Division is one which is likely to arouse considerable interest. It is in the defended list. Mr. Alexander Brodrick Leslie-Melville, J.P., banker, has filed a

petition for divorce from his wife, citing as co-respondents Mr. Thomas Cornyn Platt, Hon. Sec. of the British League for the Support of Ulster, and Earl Fitzwilliam, a director of the National Bank and, by repute, one of the wealthiest men in England.

Photograph by Lafayette.





### The "Upside-Down Dinner."

Writing a day or two before the event, the "Upside-Down Dinner" at the Automobile Club seems to me, from the preliminary announcements, to be rather lacking in thoroughness. "At the beginning of the dinner," I read, "the toast-master will announce, 'Gentlemen, you may smoke,' and the coffee will be served, then dessert, and so on, working back to the soup, which will come last. Mr. Hucks and Mr. Hamel will respond to the toasts of their health before they have been proposed. They will sit under large mirrors, which will reflect them upside down."

These ideas are all right as far as they go, but they are a little obvious. To carry the thing through, I would suggest, speaking roughly and without thought, that the guests should arrive in a somnolent condition in motor-cars driven backwards. They should revive as they enter the Club, and bid each other a very fervent good-night. The tables would be in a splendid state of disarray, and the evening would open with songs and whiskies-and-sodas or brandies-and-sodas, not forgetting cigars. Liqueurs should be served with the coffee, and then, as the meal retrogresses, the company should gradually quieten down until everything is decorous and the tables faultless for the oysters. They would, of course, leave the Club in a hush, with long faces and conventional words of welcome.

That would be the artistic way of managing the affair. However, by the time these lines are in print, all will be over—luckily for the diners.

### Cold Weather Hints.

I miss, with some dismay, a dear old feature in the popular Press. About this time of year, it has been the custom, for ages past, to print a list of "Cold Weather Hints," or "How to Keep Warm—by a Doctor," or "Diet in Cold Weather—by a Famous Physician." January is slipping away, however, and we are callously left to keep warm as well as we can without advice. Under the circumstances, I feel, friend the reader, that it is my duty to you to dash into the breach. Let your favourite daily paper ignore you as it may, *The Sketch* will stand by you in all weathers.

Here, then, are a few simple hints on how to keep fit during the cold weather—

1. *Do not sit over the fire.* You may feel warm when near the fire, but, in reality, you are nothing of the sort.
2. *Avoid stimulating drinks,* such as whisky toddy. You may feel jolly when you are taking them, but, in reality, you are not jolly.
3. *Do not put extra blankets on your bed.* They may make you feel warm in bed, but, in reality, you are shivering.
4. *Do not wear your fur coat* when you go out. You may think that a fur coat counteracts the north wind, but, in reality, it renders you peculiarly liable to chill.
5. *Do not sit with your back to the engine.* You may think that you are escaping draughts by so doing, but, in reality, you are in the very position to catch all the draughts in the carriage.
6. *Do not run from the station to your door.* You may think that this will warm you up for the evening, but, in reality, it overstimulates the skin and leaves you at the mercy of the influenza fiend.

The writer of this article will be pleased to answer any questions from readers on this subject. Address your query to "HEALTH EDITOR, SKETCH PALACES, E.C.," and do not forget to enclose the usual Postal Orders.

### The New Reporting.

"A rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed boy described his experience as an amateur detective at Middlesex Sessions yesterday. He said: 'I thought things looked a bit funny, so I followed the men and gave them in charge as soon as we met a policeman. I made them love me, but they didn't want to do it. I only did my duty.'

"THE CHAIRMAN: You are a brave lad.

"THE BOY: Thank you, Sir.

"HIS MOTHER: Thank you, Sir.

"THE CHAIRMAN: Here are ten pounds to buy sweets.

"THE BOY: Thank you, Sir.

"HIS MOTHER: I desire to thank you.

"THE CHAIRMAN: Who are you?

"HIS MOTHER: I am the mother of the lad.

"THE CHAIRMAN: You should be proud of your noble little son.

"HIS MOTHER: I am.

"THE CHAIRMAN: You are?

"HIS MOTHER: Yes, Sir.

"THE CHAIRMAN: Then you may go.

"HIS MOTHER: What, Sir?

"THE CHAIRMAN: I say that you may go.

"HIS MOTHER: I desire to thank you, Sir.

"THE BOY: And I.

"THE CHAIRMAN: Very right and proper.

"THE BOY: Yes, Sir."

### "The Art of Worldly Wisdom."

A young actress who has evidently been making a hit in the musical comedy world has told her admirers, through the kindly interviewer, how to run the race that is set before them. For example, although she has attained the terrific age of nineteen years, it is said that her complexion is the envy of every child that enters the theatre. The interviewer, naturally curious, asked her how the dickens she did it.

"How do I keep my complexion? I will tell you. As far as is possible I get as much fresh air as I can, and as far as is possible every day—as much, that is to say, as I can. Shall I tell you a secret?"

"Yes, and I will tell it to our readers."

"Then I will, but please remember that it is a very great secret. I love to get right out into the country—not half out—not to Kennington, or even to Brixton—but right out into the real country! You would never have suspected that, would you?"

"Indeed I should not. We always imagine that you ladies of the stage know nothing of the country."

"That may be true of my sisters in Art—I cannot say. Speaking for myself, I can only say that I love the country, which is one of the reasons why, at the age of nineteen, I am still so young-looking and my complexion is still practically unimpaired. Then—another great secret—my diet is very simple, and I do not sit up longer than is possible—by which I mean, longer than is absolutely necessary."

"I see. And now would you tell me some more about your really marvellous complexion?"

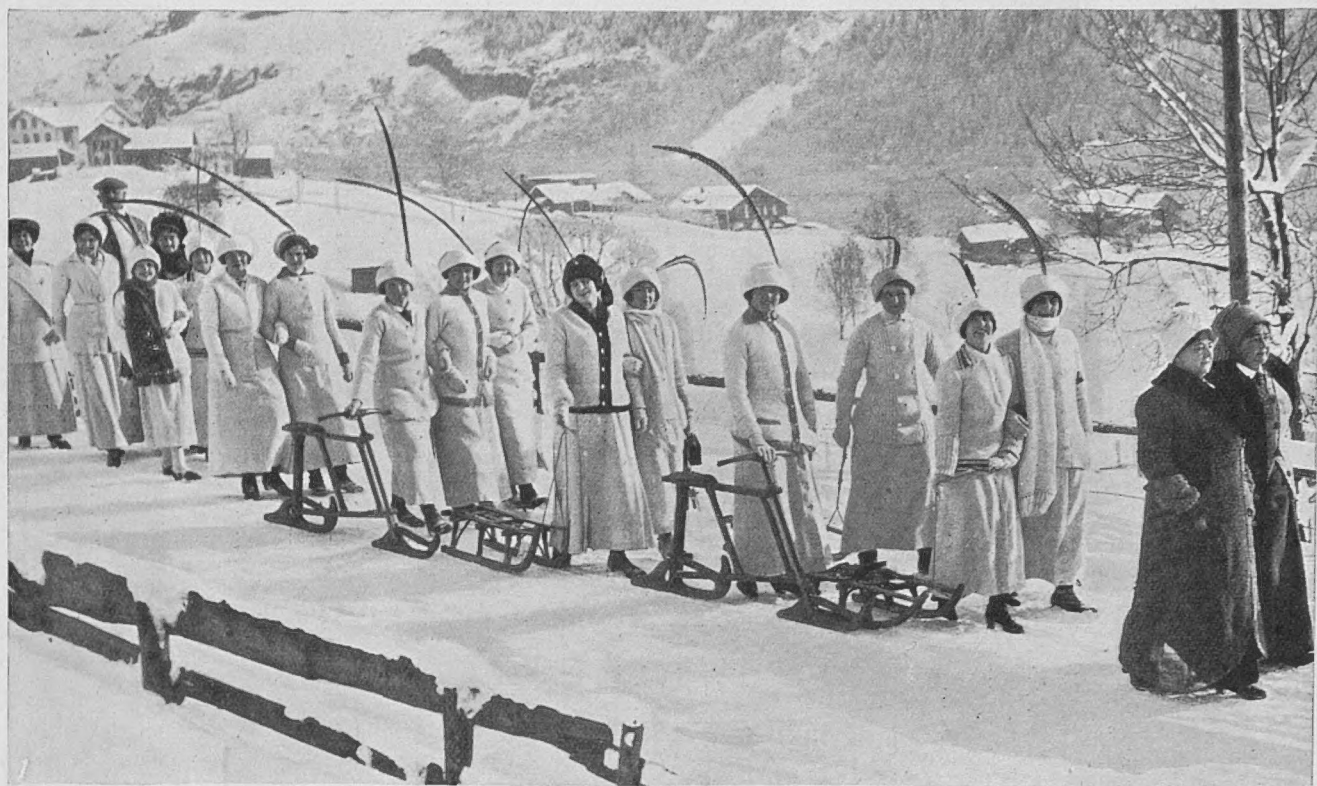
"Oh, yes, and gladly. I wash my face in water every day——"

"In water? Really?"

"Really and truly." And then our representative left this marvellous woman.



## IN TWO CLIMES: WINTER-SPORT ABROAD AND AT HOME.



1. IN SWITZERLAND: WELL-FEATHERED LADY WINTER-SPORTERS.

2. IN ENGLAND: A SOCIETY "TOBOGGANING" PARTY AT GRANTHAM—LORD BURGHersh; LADY EILEEN KNOX; MRS. DE PARAVICINI; MISS R. LOCKWOOD; MISS DIANA BULTEEL; MR. DE PARAVICINI; AND MR. RICHARD LOCKWOOD (LEFT TO RIGHT).

The first of these two photographs illustrates a statement of Mr. Julian Grande, who says: "This year's fashions in the Alps are chiefly remarkable for the preposterously long feathers which are worn chiefly, but not exclusively, by ladies."—Lord Burghersh

is the elder son of the Earl of Westmorland, and is in the Navy. He was born in March 1893. Lady Eileen Knox, who was born in 1891, is the younger daughter of the Earl of Ranfurly. She was a train-bearer to Queen Mary at the Coronation.

Photographs by Grande and Emary.



## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MR. GUS ELEN—FOR LETTING OUT THAT A "COSTER" CAN SCRAPE ALONG ON A THOUSAND A YEAR.



FRANK MORAN—FOR BEING A "WHITE HOPE," BUT IN THE SAME "BOX" AS JACK JOHNSON.



MR. L. G. HORNSTED—FOR EXCEEDING THE SPEED-LIMIT BY 100 M.P.H. WITHOUT ENDORSEMENT.



PROFESSOR SCHÖNBERG—FOR NOT CLOYING THE EARS OF CONCERT-GOERS WITH AN EXCESS OF MELODY.



MR. ALFRED W. LAWSON—FOR FLYING THROUGH PLENTY OF FRESH AIR ON HIS WAY TO BUSINESS.

Mr. Gus Elen, the well-known coster comedian, recently went on strike until he can get the salary he considers his due. "I have taken care of my money," he said, "and, if necessary, my wife and I can manage to live on £1000 a year for the rest of our days."—Frank Moran, the Pittsburg boxer, is to meet Jack Johnson in Paris, probably in June, for the heavy-weight championship of the world. The money, put up by three American millionaires, is £7000. Each man will receive £1000 in any case.—At Brooklands the other day Mr. L. G.

Hornsted, in a 200-h.p. Benz car, covered two miles at a speed of 122.05 miles an hour, and five miles at 116.08, thus making world's records for those distances.—Professor Arnold Schönberg, who on Saturday conducted his weird "Orchestral Pieces" at Queen's Hall, is an extremely advanced, almost a Futurist, composer.—Mr. Alfred W. Lawson, of New York, recently took to flying up to town from his country place by aeroplane. He reached his office an hour earlier than he can by train.

Photographs by Hana, Meurisse, Sport and General, International News Service, and that of Professor Schönberg by permission of Messrs. Breitkopf and Hartel.



MME. SARAH BERNHARDT—FOR ADDING THE LEGION OF HONOUR TO THE LEGION OF HER ADMIRERS.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has had conferred upon her the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Her name was proposed two years ago by M. Briand, but her candidature was then rejected.—A music-teacher named Ostrovsky has invented a machine for twisting and stretching the finger-joints with a view to making a



MR. OSTROVSKY—FOR HAVING LIVED A FEW CENTURIES TOO LATE AS A (PAINLESS) THUMB-SCREW OPERATOR.

pupil's hands quicker and more pliable. He claims that his instruments in a short time produce results attained only by many tedious hours of violin and piano practice.—Miss Challet Hall, a charming young typist, of Chicago, has been left £80,000 by her great-uncle, on condition that she marries for love within a year.

Photographs by Nadar, Photopress, and C.N.



MISS CHALLET HALL—FOR HAVING 80,000 SUBSTANTIAL REASONS FOR MAKING A LOVE MATCH.



Mlle. ADELINE GENÉE—FOR ACCEPTING AND ASKING FOR KICKS AS MASCOTS.

Mlle. Adeline Genée, the famous dancer, who is due to reappear in London, at the Coliseum, on March 2, has a little superstitious custom of her own instead of a mascot. Just before she goes on to the stage she gets somebody to administer to her a gentle kick.—We understand that Professor Hehaz Gottnougatogy delivered a lecture on mint-sauce at the Annual Exhibition of the Birmingham and Midlands Institution.



PROFESSOR HEHAZ GOTTNUGATOGY—FOR TAKING MINT-SAUCE WITHOUT LAMB AS THE SUBJECT OF HIS LECTURE AT AN EXHIBITION OF THE BIRMINGHAM AND MIDLANDS INSTITUTION.

nougatogy delivered a lecture on mint-sauce at the Annual Exhibition of the Birmingham and Midlands Institution.—During his winter residence at Potsdam the Kaiser, on the advice of his doctors, has been taking exercise by chopping wood, a pursuit which was a hobby of Mr. Gladstone's.

Photographs by Dover Street Studios, Illustrations Bureau, and Record Press.



THE KAISER—FOR EMULATING MR. GLADSTONE AS A HEWER OF WOOD.



## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



## THE PRIME MINISTER—FOR TRYING TO LOOK LIKE JIM LARKIN.

Mr. Asquith left England last week for the Riviera, and joined Mrs. Asquith at Antibes. Our photograph of the Premier was taken as he was descending the gangway of a Channel steamer at Calais. At Antibes, soon after his arrival, he enjoyed a surprise in the shape of a lecture, delivered at the Cap

d'Antibes Hotel, by his little son, Master Anthony Asquith, whom he had never before heard delivering an address in public. The subject was the great composers—Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, and Grieg. The Premier was delighted with his son's performance. Mr. Asquith has since played golf at Cannes.

Photograph by G.P.U.



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## TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

**H** ROSWITHA, the Saxon nun—there are several ways of spelling the name—would have been interested if she had seen "Paphnutius" performed by the Pioneer Players, but I am not sure she might not have suggested that one of her other dramas would suit us better—"Dulcitius," for instance, which has efforts at broad humour. One may say that her play, now nine and a half centuries old or thereabouts, had a *succès de curiosité*. I don't think anybody was really thrilled by it, except for a moment or two at unfulfilled promises of the dramatist. In the case of a lady well acquainted with the ingenious if not wholly original works of Terence, one may be a little surprised that her play is so artless; but doubtless it was written merely for reading to a specialised audience. Miss Christopher St. John has made an excellent translation so far as most passages are concerned, but perhaps it seems a little uncertain as to the specific style of English to be chosen for rendering the story of the monk who went bravely to Alexandria to convert Thais, the famous courtesan, succeeded without difficulty, got her walled up in a little cell by way of penance, and afterwards led her out to die in the desert. There is a kind of beauty in the story which it is dangerous to try to reproduce upon the stage, since underlying the beauty is a note of horror brought out vividly when poor Thais for a moment murmurs against the uncleanness of being immured in a little cell, described as being "no bigger than a grave." Oh, those dirty, dirty early ages, and Middle Ages too, and comparatively modern ages as well, and contemporaneous also—in some countries. "Our" Ellen Terry of course played her little part as an Abbess delightfully; Miss Miriam Lewes was a fascinating Thais; and Mr. Harcourt Williams acted very well as the Monk. Miss Edith Craig has contrived some beautiful stage-pictures with very simple means.

Probably some people will be delighted by "Mary-Girl," a four-act comedy at the Vaudeville of which Mrs. Merrick is the author. Some won't: like myself, they take no great pleasure in plays concerning humble people unless written with exceptional power. There may be something snobbish in this—still, the feeling is there. Unless a drama about a very small market-gardener, too poor to keep a servant, and his pretty wife is elevated to tragedy by beauty of treatment, or exhibits a subtle and intense psychology, one is easily inclined to say that four acts of it grow rather tedious. Much of the four acts of "Mary-Girl" is padding concerning some stock Society people in an incredible castle. The play asks the question: What will become of the hard-working market-gardener's wife if thrust into the castle as wet-nurse, cut off from her baby, husband, and friends, pampered and over-fed for a year? According to Mrs. Merrick, at the end of it the young wife will find home ugly, the food too coarse, and insist on having a bath every morning. I couldn't swallow the bath—perhaps because I am not a teetotaler: I don't believe Mary would have made it a *casus belli*. In the last act we find the husband, who is a fanatical Plymouth Brother, burning down the chapel, the substantiated dream of his life, believing that its destruction will purify Mary of her acts of infidelity committed when she ran away from him in consequence of a blow that he gave her. I don't believe in the blow or the burning. Still, the first-night audience seemed to be interested by the play. Mr. McKinnel gave one of his strong-men performances successfully as the husband; Miss Mary Brough was quite funny in a really comic part; Mr. O. B. Clarence presented an amiable Earl agreeably; and Miss May Blayney played the heroine with an air of sincerity.

## THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

### SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON AND CO.

The Guide to South and East Africa, 1914.  
Edited by A. Samler Brown and G. Gordon Brown.

### MORING.

Myths and Parables Adapted from Plato. Laura Stubbs. 2s. 6d. net.

### "FINANCIAL TIMES."

Business Prospects, 1914. Edited by Joseph Davies and C. P. Hailey. 10s. net.

### SIMPKIN MARSHALL.

That Reminds Me: A Book of After-Dinner Stories. Edited by S. Beech Chester. 6s.

### RAPHAEL TUCK.

Children's Stories from the Arabian Nights. Rose Yeatman Woolf. 3s. 6d. net.  
Children's Stories from English History. E. Nesbit and Doris Ashley. 3s. 6d. net.  
Curly Heads and Long Legs. Edric C. Vredenburg, Norman Gale, and Others. 3s. 6d. net.

### DE LA MORE PRESS.

How to Enter the Civil Service. E. A. Carr. 2s. 6d. net.

Cities of Dreams. Leslie Wood. 2s. 6d. net.

### HOLDEN AND HARDINGHAM.

Red Pearls. Charlotte Mansfield. 6s.

## SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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PARIS WEATHER : WINTER-SPORTERS : THE RIVIERA'S GRIEVANCE : TRAVELLING ACQUAINTANCES.

**Quick-Change Weather.**

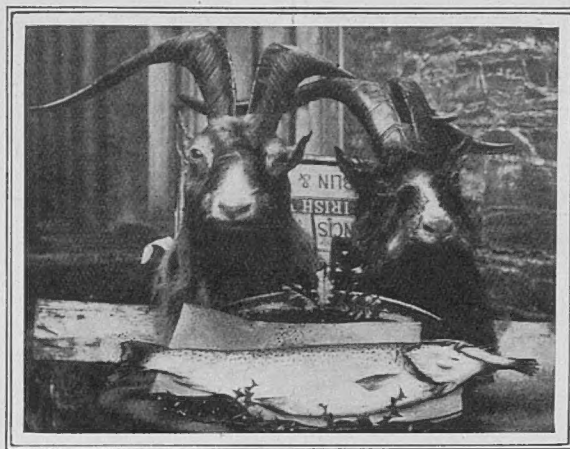
I have spent a long week-end in Paris, and have in a way been comforted to find that there is a European capital which indulges in very much the same freak weather that we get in the winter in London. We had warm rain and cold rain, sleet, snow, and dry weather, with a cold northerly breeze, all in the course of forty-eight hours. We in London glory in our infamous weather, and talk about it all day long. The Parisians regard any disagreeable varieties of temperature as regrettable incidents, shrug their shoulders, and say as little about it as possible.

**The Rush to Switzerland.**

The train from Boulogne to Paris by which I travelled was more than half empty—I shared a compartment with an elderly German gentleman—but the train for Bâle, which stood alongside the one for Paris at the Gare Maritime, was crowded almost to its holding capacity, and people were settling down in it for a night's journey. The heroism which some people display in enduring discomfort when they are going for a holiday is extraordinary. I heard on board the boat one youngster with a bundle of skis and sticks giving another youngster some tips as to the night journey, and one of these was to take off his collar before night came on, so that, when he went to sleep and his head fell forward, he would not choke. The rush to Switzerland in the winter by people of moderate means, who used to be content with skating on the Serpentine and tobogganing at Muswell Hill, is a thing that has grown up with this generation.

**The Bitter Cry of the Riviera.**

The hotel-keepers and restaurateurs of the Riviera towns are making complaint that the people who can afford to lavish large sums of money, instead of going to Monte Carlo and Nice and Mentone to spend their winter, and their gold, are saving money by making



A FISH AND THE FISH THAT CHOKED IT CAUGHT TOGETHER: A TROUT AND A PERCH TAKEN FROM LAKE ARROW.

This five-pound trout, in the pink of condition, was caught by Mr. Ross, of Ballindoon, Boyle, an Inspector of the Salmon Fisheries Board of Conservators of Ireland, on Lake Arrow recently. The partly swallowed perch which caused the trout's death by suffocation was a half-pounder.

their headquarters for the early months of the winter in some Swiss hotel amongst the snows, where they live cheaply *en pension*; and, when March comes, go over a pass or through a tunnel into Italy for a little tour before coming back to London in the bloom of April. And Paris also has a grievance in connection with the rush to Switzerland, for the voyagers to the snows do not even pass through the French capital, whereas the pilgrims to the Sunny South spend some money in Paris as they pass through.

**The President Prisoner.**

There seems likely, however, to be one very distinguished visitor to the Riviera this winter. The wife of the President of the French Republic has been ordered to winter in a warm

climate, and M. Poincaré does not see why, if his wife must go south, he should not go south also; and it is said that various large villas on the Riviera are being inspected to see whether they are suitable for an official residence. The President is almost as much a prisoner at the Elysée as the Pope is at the Vatican. He goes in the summer to shoot at Rambouillet; but if he journeys in any other part of France he lives in his dress-clothes, just pops out of a train to inaugurate a hospital or to unveil a statue, and then pops into the train again to go on to another ceremony. So many crowned visitors have in the past made the Riviera their home during the winter that it would be a great hardship if the Chief Magistrate of France were not allowed to stay in that part of the Republic during the cold months.

**Train Bores.**

There are people who chat to anybody they sit opposite to in a railway-carriage, and there are people who remain resolutely mute all a journey through unless they have been formally introduced to their travelling companions. I belong to neither class. I am not the least afraid that I shall be subsequently claimed as a friend by some disreputable member of society because I have chatted to him for a quarter of an hour in a railway-carriage; but I also do not willingly deliver myself into the hands of a bore or a crank to be lectured on politics or watering-places or religion for an hour or two. Nor do I intentionally fall into the trap of those intolerable nuisances, the people who wish to impress everybody they meet with the number of titled acquaintances they possess. When this form of conversation is forced on me, I always talk about my baker and my tailor, my haberdasher and my watchmaker, mentioning their names and expressing surprise that my persecutor has not the pleasure of their acquaintance.

**My Travelling Companion.**

The elderly German gentleman who was the only other occupant of the compartment in which I travelled to Paris seemed inclined to be conversational, and opened the ball by asking me in what year I had first visited Paris. I told him that I first went there as a schoolboy in the year of the Commune. He had first been to the French capital, he told me, in 1866, the year of the great Exhibition, and he showed a personal acquaintance with the Court of Napoleon III. that was interesting, and told me some anecdotes that were well worth remembering. His English was almost that of an Englishman, and his French almost that of a Frenchman. He had travelled, I found, in every quarter of the globe. I would not spoil the pleasant mystery of his identity by asking him who he was or by proposing an exchange of cards, and we parted the best of friends at the Gare du Nord without knowing each other's names.



IN IMITATION OF HIS UNCLE, THE LORD MAYOR: MASTER IAN BOWATER AS SIR VANSITTART BOWATER, AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL, HELD LAST WEEK AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

Photograph by Sport and General.

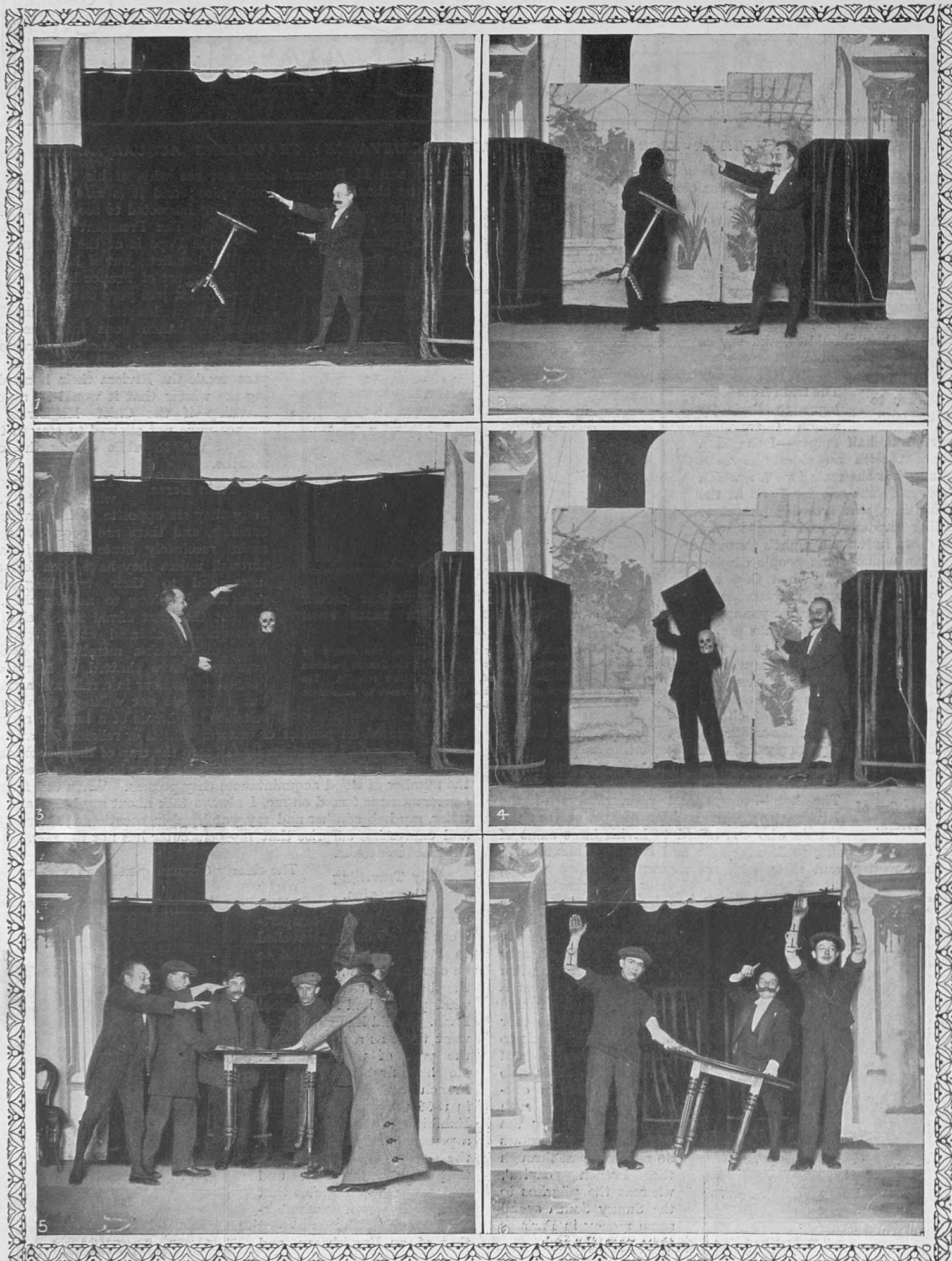


A VERY AMUSING FIGURE AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE: MASTER G. PAGE, AS A VERY FASCINATING AND TRUE-TO-"LIFE" MR. GOLLIWOG.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



## ALL - BLACK MAGIC : " MANIFESTATIONS " MADE MANIFEST.



1. A TABLE MADE TO RISE FROM THE FLOOR AND MOVE ABOUT APPARENTLY BY ITSELF.
2. THE ALL-BLACK ATTENDANT WHO CONTROLS THE MOVEMENTS OF THE TABLE, AND, STANDING AGAINST A BLACK BACKGROUND DURING THE PERFORMANCE, IS INVISIBLE TO THE AUDIENCE.

3. A SKULL MOVING ABOUT WITHOUT APPARENT AID FROM HUMAN AGENCY.
4. THE ALL-BLACK ASSISTANT WITH THE SKULL HE MANOEUVRES WHEN HE IS STANDING BEFORE THE BLACK BACKGROUND WHICH MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE AUDIENCE TO SEE HIM.

5. A TABLE LIFTED AND TURNED WHILE HANDS ARE RESTING ON ITS SURFACE ONLY.
6. TWO OF THE "DEMONSTRATOR'S" ASSISTANTS, SHOWING THE SPIKES AND HOOKS BOUND TO THEIR ARMS FOR CATCHING THE EDGE OF THE TABLE, TO MOVE IT WITHOUT THE USE OF THE HANDS.

The photographs here given explain themselves so well that there is no need for us to say anything about them, save to re-emphasise the point that, in such demonstrations as those shown in the first four photographs, the objects are moved not by "spirits," but by an assistant dressed in black, who is invisible against a black background.

Photographs by Nouvelle.



## THE WOMAN IN THE CONE: SHE WHO SEEMS TO DWINDLE.



MAKING A LADY OF AVERAGE HEIGHT APPEAR TO DISAPPEAR INTO A PAPER "BAG" HELD IN THE HAND:  
A VERY CURIOUS ILLUSION.

This photograph illustrates a very curious and new illusion performed by Mr. Oswald Williams, who was recently at the Palace. The performer causes a lady of average height to seem to disappear into a paper cone made in full view of the audience, and then brings her out of it again and to her full size.—[Photograph by Hana.]





PUNCH AS COMPÈRE—WHY NOT JUDY AS COMMÈRE? THE NEW EMPIRE REVUE.

"Nuts and Wine." "Nuts and Wine" is the name of the new Empire Revue. I nearly got run over three times by motor-buses—once, probably, would have been sufficient—in consequence of trying to think out the connection of the title and the piece, when walking home. Of course, "Nuts and Wine" reminds one of the good old days—no better, I believe, than the present still older days—when the men used to eat walnuts and drink port, and tell stories after dinner till all was blue, including the stories. By-the-bye, I have an idea that the merit of being a three-bottle man is exaggerated. I possess an old glass bottle; stamped into it on a kind of raised seal of glass are the words, "Port E. Carss, 1793." It would not contain half as much as the port-bottle of today! Rather a jolly custom that of laying down your wine in a bottle made for you and stamped with your name and the date; one of these days, when I grow rich, I shall imitate my ancestor. As for nuts, I love them; but my doctor!—There is a friend of mine who also has a wife that looks after his digestion. He, knowing how much doctors differ about diet, went the whole round of the swell "vets.," and by carefully collating their opinions, obtained weighty authority in favour of eating and drinking whatever he liked, and excluding the dull dishes, thereby silencing his wife, and, since he has faith, inducing his digestive tracts to behave decently. I wish I were rich enough to follow suit. I fancy that the "Nuts" at the Empire are of the kind that neither the vegetarians nor the cannibals would eat. And Wine? My complaint against all the revues is that they are not champagne, are not light and bubbling; nor have they the fruity breadth of port, but seem to have been inspired first by whisky-and-soda and now by cocktails, and the trail of the Yankee is over them all. So, having explained to you the relation of the title to the piece as well as I can, let me proceed to discuss it seriously.

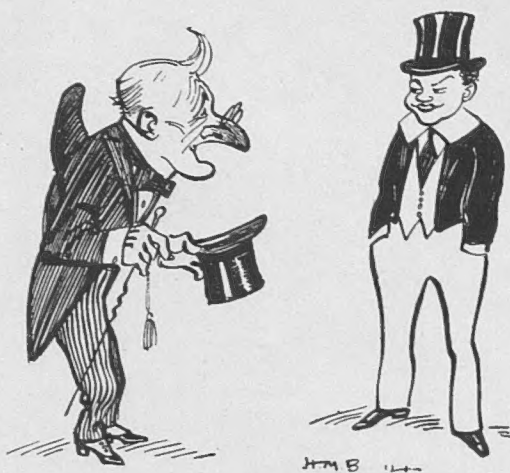
**The Plots.** It begins in the office of a very modern paper, where fun is made legitimately of the mania for sensational news and scandal. Miss Rose Hamilton, one of the cleverest people in the cast, sings a song brightly concerning scandal. We pass on to Eton and discover that the famous College has been brought up to date, and now holds only classes for Tango teaching, training for the music-hall stage, and agriculture. Miss Rose Hamilton was quite funny as the mother of two bright boys, named Romano and Oddenino, in memory of her happy ante-nuptial days. Then we come to the new Ellis Island. Of course, you know that Ellis Island is the place outside New York where immigrants such as Miss Marie Lloyd and Mrs. Pankhurst are detained pending consideration. What a queer thing that the States, which supply us with half our jokes and comic songs, should also from time to time stagger humanity by the colossal stupidity and lack of humour of their officials. There is a very funny piece of

stamp-licking business in this scene, connected with an amusing post-office episode. I won't describe it, because you ought to see it, and then those of you, if any, who are middle-aged will think of a famous line in "Our Boys," concerning the young man only good enough to stand by the post office with his tongue out for people to wet stamps on. In this and some other scenes, Mr. Eric Thorne presented the Compère, Punch, rather cleverly. I wonder whether he is connected with the Thornes who played in "Our Boys." There is no Commère, and yet I seem to have a vivid recollection of an ill-used lady, of the name of Judy, who deserves some consideration—more, indeed, than she got from Mister Punch. Why are they divorced? Roo-ti-too! I did not know that the new divorce laws for which people are howling had been passed. The most agreeable part of this scene was the dancing of Miss Phyllis Bedells.

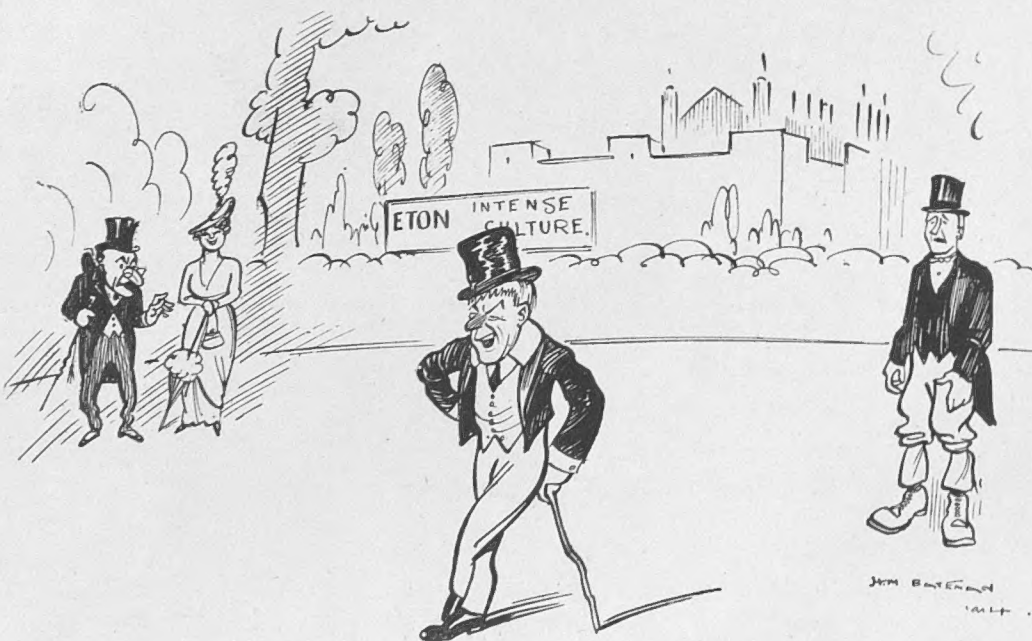
Who wrote the line quoted in the margin—in the "Phyllida Amo te Ante Alias."

"bird cage," to use our family term—I don't know, but it expresses my feelings towards Miss Bedells, a young lady of great natural grace and high technical accomplishment, with a beautiful figure and an intelligent, pretty face, and nothing of the ordinary dancer's deadly smile. She was supposed to represent Pavlova, but in style reminded me more of Lydia Kyasht, whose little half-soled dancing-shoes she is quite worthy to wear. The audience was delighted by her in this dance, and also later on, when, in a becoming dark dress, she did Tangos and other modern things ravishingly. In the New Little Theatre scene we had some really clever mimicry of Mrs. Patrick Campbell by Peggy Ross, of Mr. Edmund Payne by Fred Ditto, of Mr. George Graves by Mr. Nelson Keys, and of Mr. Wilkie Bard by Mr. Albert le Fre. This was given in a burlesque decadent drama on a miniature stage, the players being worked as marionettes, ingeniously, with very droll effect. The "last scene of all in this eventful mystery" occurs in the New Empire Stores, and has the quaint idea of the modern

woman, when shopping, leaving her husband chained up like a dog outside stores. A somewhat amusing burlesque of "Within the Law" is given. The most striking feature of this scene, apart from the dancing of Miss Bedells, consists of an exhibition of dinner costumes, designed by a famous costumier whose name can be ascertained on application to the advertisement manager of *The Sketch*. They are quite wonderful, and some of them charming, but not more than a patch—or much more than a patch in some cases—on the young ladies partly inside them. A prettier collection I never saw on the boards—indeed, there was such a bevy of extra for poetry, I should become lyrical; and, indeed, I could write about their charms for hours, but, unfortunately, my secretary says that she won't!



NEW ETON IS EXPLAINED TO MR. PUNCH BY THE HON. ODDENINO [STEPNEY: MR. ERIC THORNE AND MISS PEGGY RAE. CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE HEAD BOY OF THE MUSIC-HALL CLASS AT THE NEW ETON OBLIGES WITH A SONG: MR. ERIC THORNE AS MR. PUNCH, MISS ROSE HAMILTON AS LADY LIMEHOUSE, MR. NELSON KEYS AS LORD HOXTON, AND MR. ALBERT LE FRE AS THE HON. ROMANO STEPNEY, OF THE AGRICULTURAL CLASS.

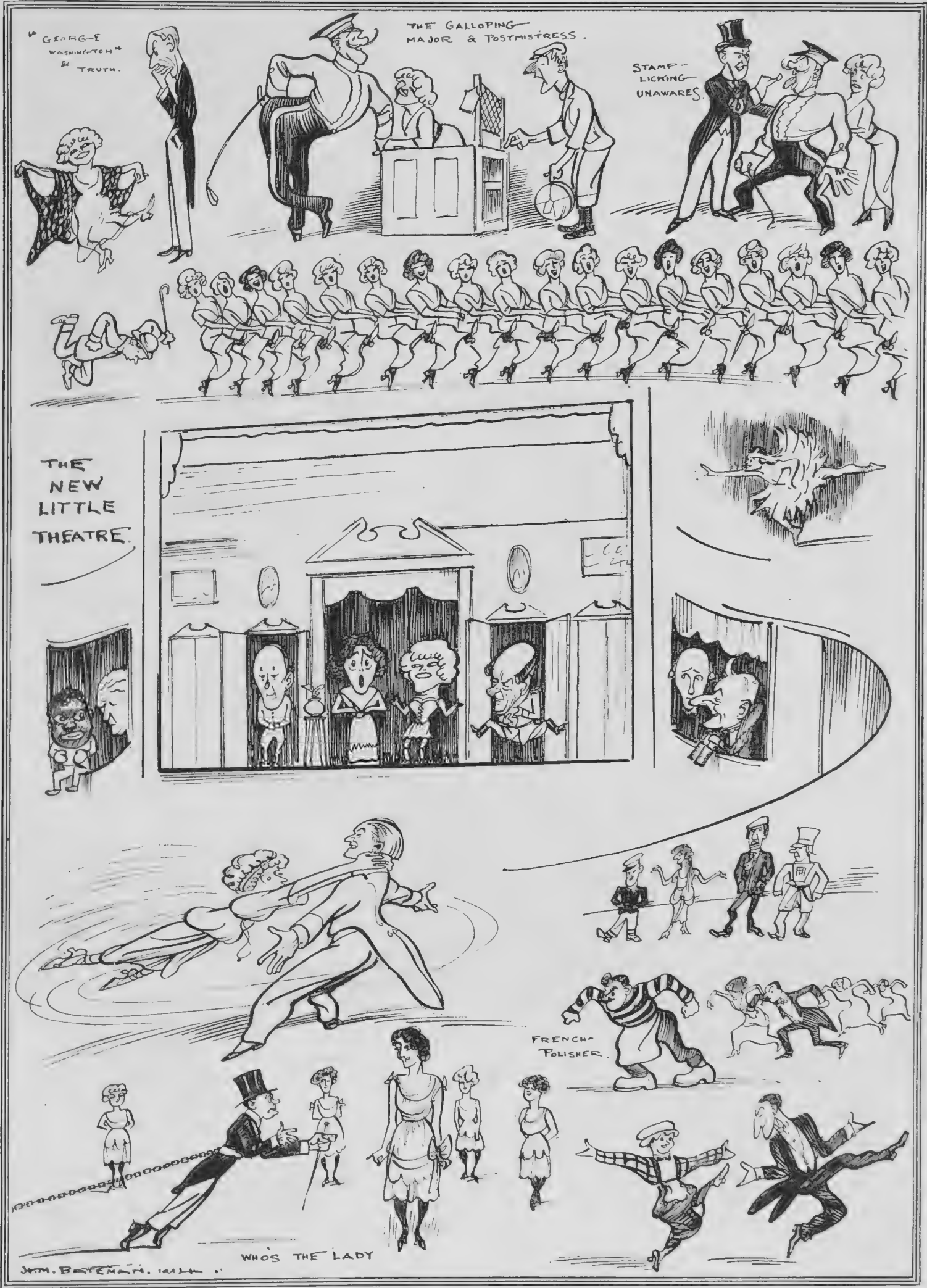
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

beauty that, if the editor would pay extra for poetry, I should become lyrical; and, indeed, I could write about their charms for hours, but, unfortunately, my secretary says that she won't!

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "NUTS AND WINE."



HERE WE GO GATHERING "NUTS AND WINE": THE EMPIRE'S NEW REVUE.

"Nuts and Wine," the new Revue at the Empire, is in two acts and five scenes, including The New News, The New Little Theatre, and The New Empire Stores. The book is by Mr. C. H. Bovill and Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. The music was composed and arranged by Mr. Frank E. Tours, with additional numbers by Mr. Guy Jones and Mr. Melville Gideon.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.





## LORD AND LADY MURRAY OF ELIBANK.

SOME months ago Lord Murray left England with a quiet smile to his friends; he returns with a quiet smile. Probably he has been smiling quietly, as occasion served, during the whole of a long and arduous holiday. He comes back just as he went away; an anxious colleague or two may have grown graver and greyer in the interval, but not he. Lord Murray does not smile because he disregards the difficulties of the situation; he does not smile arrogantly, or spitefully, or even gaily and broadly. He is no Cheshire cat with an evasive habit of disappearing in a grin. He appears (and his appearance, as he is well aware, is one of the events of the month) with the comfortable self-assurance that is part of his nature and part of his Parliamentary stock-in-trade.

## The Whip.

The character of the true Whip is always placid. His job is one that would make a nervous man frantic, and an average man nervous. It merely braces and stimulates the nerves of a Lord Murray. Young Members may have had an idea that some sort of an outburst would follow upon any gross neglect of their duties. Perhaps Lord Murray has sometimes acted the part of a man upon the brink of desperate moods, but he has never long deceived defaulters. A Chief Whip is nurse and tutor in one; he is a proctor whose business is to be masterful and popular and good-humoured. The signing of urgent appeals to Members to be in their places at the times appointed for debates and divisions is but a trifling portion of his work. He must know the whys and wherefores of Members departing from the House. The only matings he approves are the makings of "pairs" within the Commons. Upon the Member who becomes engaged outside during session he looks with undisguised suspicion, for an engagement means the use of the more wily devices for dodging his vigilance. While he chaperons his Lobby couples and counts his flock (of geese or sheep or children—heaven only knows how he regards them), he has the more difficult and responsible work behind him of keeping in touch not only with the temper of the House, but with the temper of the country. To him come the reports of agents up and down the constituencies; he sorts, weighs, and even edits the evidence of his industrious scouts before seeking the private apartments, and ear, of his chief.

## The Purse-Bearer.

Nor is the Chief Whip's attention given only to the pulse of the country; he has a hand on the Party purse. To that branch of his office Lord Murray brought an unusual capacity. The French paper that translated his old title into "Le Maître de la Banque d'Ely" did, unknowingly, get somewhere near the mark, though the diocese was the wrong one. The Master of Elibank did make the most accomplished master of

the bank of Westminster. Though his investments of Party funds have brought a swarm of Opposition critics about his head, they brought profits as well. His only concern was to place the money where he, as a particularly learned dabbler in finance, thought it would be placed to most advantage.

## Discretion.

It is safe to say that Lord Murray's statement will not be sensational. He is no speaker, in the picturesque sense of the word. A telegram from South America (where, by the way, he was dealing in a larger way of business than is dreamed of in the counting-houses of the Party) is for him almost as good a vehicle for expression as an oration in the Lords. While his signature of necessity became during recent years more familiar than that of any other Member, his speech-making had no particular vogue. It is claimed against him, in Conservative annals, that he once embarrassed his chief by declaring to a Scottish audience that the Liberal Party would never be dictated to by the Labour Members. The embarrassments Mr. Asquith has suffered (in Conservative annals) from all his right-hand men are innumerable, but the nature of the charge in this particular case proves how few are the weak points in Lord Murray's armour of discretion.

## "Mum" Murray.

Lord Murray got his schooling early. Before he was thirty he had gone through secretaryships that often see a man well into middle-age. As assistant private secretary to the Secretary for the Colonies, and as private secretary and A.D.C. to the Governor of the Leeward Islands (Sir W. F. H. Smith) he learned the ropes that he has been blandly pulling ever since. When, at thirty, he entered Parliament for the first time, he knew more about the House than most dull men who had been sitting there for years. And from 1900 to 1911 he went on adding to his store of Ministerial knowledge and of Ministerial secrets. Like other men who have learned too

much about the Commons, he was, three years ago, rewarded with the peace of the Lords.

## Lady Murray.

Lady Murray of Elibank is, even in the realm of sport, something more than a sportswoman. Her book "Echoes of Sport" shows a rare talent for setting down the lively sensations that seldom survive the ordeal of pen and paper. She has often laid aside her gun to observe bird-life through her field-glasses. Her love of the field comes to her from her father, but in this temporary abeyance of the bagging instinct she does not follow exactly in his footsteps. His passion for sport, in and out of season, caused it to be said of him, "Wolfe Murray would shoot his grandmother if she was rising before him."



LORD MURRAY OF ELIBANK.

Alexander William Charles Oliphant Murray, P.C., first Baron Murray of Elibank, is the eldest son of Viscount Elibank. Amongst the positions he has held are those of Private Secretary to the Governor of the Leeward Islands; Assistant Private Secretary to the Secretary of State for the Colonies; Comptroller of King Edward the Seventh's Household; Second Government Whip; Under-Secretary of State for India; Parliamentary (Patronage) Secretary to the Treasury, and Chief Liberal Whip. He has sat in the Commons for Edinburghshire and for Peeblesshire and Selkirkshire. In 1894, he married Hilda Louisa Janey Wolfe, daughter of the late James Wolfe-Murray.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



## THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER GAGGED; A "COON" PRINCESS.



1. THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER, AS LADY MARION, GAGGED BY MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, AS BRIAN RANKIN, IN "PISTOLS FOR TWO."
2. LADY MARION (THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER) IS DISCOVERED IN HIS FLAT BY BRIAN RANKIN (MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER).

3. RANKIN THANKS LADY MARION FOR SAVING HIS LIFE.
4. THE PRINCESS OF PLESS AS A SINGER OF COON SONGS.
5. WATCHING THE PRINCESS OF PLESS REHEARSE HER COON SONG: MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER, AND OTHERS AT LYMINGTON.

Last week the dramatic one-act play, "Pistols for Two," was given for charity at the Lyric Theatre, Lymington, and also, on the following day, at Bournemouth. The Duchess of Westminster played Lady Marion in this, and Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Brian Rankin. The Princess of Pless, sister of the Duchess of Westminster, also contributed to the programme, singing a coon song with Mr. Denis Drew.—[Photographs by Photopress and Illustrations Bureau.]



# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

PRINCE ARTHUR'S prospects are again under discussion. Will he, or will he not, accompany his regiment from York to Dublin? The change of quarters once more gives rise to the notion that his proper place is in some important Colonial Government House, or, at any rate, on the Headquarters Staff at the War Office. York, in every sense, is walled in; the fact that his Royal Highness has spent so much time there has probably made the military gossips all the more inclined to find him ample elbow-room as his father's successor in the Dominion, or at Headquarters. The one thing that rumour seems to overlook is his own preference. Dublin, for a hunting soldier, is never a bad place to land in; moreover, all Connaughts, from the Duke and Duchess to Princess "Pat," have a natural liking for an Irish life.

*Hilary of Fleet Street.*

Last week saw the re-manning of the two 'Varsity towns. But they do not begin Hilary Term simultaneously. Oxford starts a day late; and Hilary Law Term is even less exact than Oxford, for it commences three days before the saint's birthday, which is the mark that should, strictly speaking, be observed. Not many undergraduates, perhaps, make themselves acquainted with the rights of the case; but one Oxford man, at any rate, is properly punctilious in the matter of observance. Mr. Hilaire Belloc used, of old, to be "Hilary"; his first essays bear that name, and "G. K. C." calls him, to this day, by no other. "Hilary, let us take wine" was, doubtless, the greeting Mr. Belloc received when the two met on that Feast Day.

*"The Dancing Daffodils."*

Let not the modern hostess think that her work is done when she has entertained her own friends and her husband's; her children's friends are also in the count; and if she has no children, she must still be mindful of her obligation to give a large party for small people. The modern host, unless he is a bear, is likewise involved. Both Lord and



BALLOONIST IN SUMMER, M.F.H. IN THE HUNTING SEASON: MR. JOHN DUNVILLE, MASTER OF THE MEATH HUNT.

Mr. Dunville, who is one of the keenest of Irish sportsmen, was political private secretary to the late Duke of Devonshire from 1890 until his Grace's death. In the summer ballooning is his chief sport, and his achievements in the air with "Panshee I." and "Banshee II." are well known.

*Photograph by Poole.*



ORGANISER OF THE THREE ARTS BALL AND VARIOUS OTHERS: MRS. CARL LEVEL.

Mrs. Carl F. Level is organising the Three Arts Club Ball to be held at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on Jan. 22. She has organised a considerable number of important dances, including the Arabian Nights' Ball and the Venetian Bal Masqué at Shakespeare's England, and she is to organise the St. John's Wood Artists' Ball, to be held on April 1. Her husband is acting - manager to Mr. Oscar Asche.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*



TO MARRY MISS ELLEN JAMES, OF FERNACRES, FULMER, BUCKS, EARLY NEXT MONTH: SIR JOHN BELL, FORMERLY LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Sir John Bell was Lord Mayor of London in 1907-8. He is Chairman and Managing Director of the Wenlock Brewery Company. In 1902 he was knighted, and in 1908 he was made a Baronet. His first wife, whom he married in 1867, died in 1912.

*Photograph by Langfier.*

Lady Aberdeen gave their names to the Dublin Castle function last week. They have, too, both given their support to the Daffodil Ball on Feb. 2, but with less lightness of heart, probably, than in the case of the childish entertainment. Dublin, at the moment, is no field of "dancing daffodils," nor yet a bed of roses.

The private view of the exhibition of fans fell on a day when Bond Street was quite sufficiently ventilated by a roaring north wind. But, for all that, the fans found purchasers. The fact that Lord Howard de Walden had, earlier in the winter, bought two out of another collection, while Lady Howard de Walden was content to buy one, goes—as does the business done the

other day, despite the north wind—to prove that such things are bought not for use, but for their beauty. Is the male collector turning his attention to all feminine articles of *vertu*? Instead of collecting snuff-boxes, he is collecting fans; and only the other day Lord Howard de Walden's name was found, along with Mr. Sargent's and Lord Cromer's, on a famous costumier's list of "patronesses"!

*Copper Stakes.* Mr. Paul Konody, who has brought the old question of the "debts of honour" down to date, has been a Londoner since 1899, and an industrious writer during nearly the whole of that period. He has edited a magazine, published half-a-dozen books, and never left himself much time for the play that ended so disastrously. Like the question of a challenge, which seemed to involve a man's honour even after duelling had been made illegal, the question of gambling is a difficult one in a generation of reckless amateurs. The unreality, in the twentieth century, of a practice that was real enough a hundred years ago must necessarily lead to trouble. The safe rule is the one observed at Windsor by Queen Victoria—copper stakes only were allowed. When the boy Prince won, a Lady-in-Waiting washed the pennies with yellow soap before they touched his royal palm.



TO MARRY MR. GERALD FOSTER TO-DAY (JAN. 21): MISS OLIVIA OGILVY.

Miss Ogilvy is the daughter of the late Major Ogilvy, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Ogilvy, of Baldoran House, Strathmartine, Forfarshire. Her marriage to Mr. Foster, of Stockred Park, Wetherby, Yorks, takes place to-day.—[*Photograph by Val l'Estrange.*]



TO MARRY CAPTAIN REGINALD WALKER, R.E., TO-DAY (JAN. 21): MISS KATHLEEN V. WINGFIELD DIGBY. Miss Wingfield Digby is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Wingfield Digby, M.P., of Sherborne Castle, Dorset, and Coleshill Park, Warwickshire. Captain Walker is in the Royal Engineers.

*Photograph by Val l'Estrange.*



## LATER LONDON: THE NEW SUPPER CLUBS: I.—THE LOTUS.



1. THE ENTRANCE-HALL.

2. IN THE LADIES' CLOAK-ROOM.

3. MEMBERS OF THE LOTUS CLUB AT SUPPER.

4. A CORNER OF THE LOUNGE.

5. MARION AND ROLAND MITFORD TANGO-DANCING DURING THE SUPPER.

6. THE CHEF AND HIS ASSISTANTS.

London is in the midst of another new movement. It is evident that she desires to keep later hours, or, at all events, she is growing resentful at the fact that the authorities ring the curfew at night at so early an hour, comparatively, that it is difficult to find reasonable time for supper in restaurants or hotels, especially as

plays are finishing later than they used to do. Hence the fact that there have arisen three Supper Clubs—with, it is rumoured, more to come. These three are the Four Hundred, Murray's, and the Lotus. The last-named is here illustrated. At all the clubs, of course, members may sup until they please.

*Photographs Specially Taken for "The Sketch" by Sport and General.*



By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Coviere" and "Valentine.")

MORE years ago than I wish to remember I read "Mrs. Finch Brassey," and I thought then, and think now, how agreeable a thing it would be to be sure of having each of Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's books on my breakfast-table immediately on its appearance. Otherwise I feared that I should miss them, so many novels there are, so many things to read, and so little time to read them in. Well, I have missed each of "Mrs. Finch Brassey's" successors. I brought away from the reading of that book a sense of considerable technical skill, and I fell in love with its heroine, Alison, and determined actually to fall in love one day with someone of that same charming name. But Alisons are rare, and that hasn't happened. I was only able to render my little tribute of homage by using the name for my own heroine—oh, a far less credible, real, and attractive girl—when in the fulness of time I came to write a novel myself.

And now I have just finished Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's new book, "Below Stairs," and I should like to suggest to Mrs. Hunt of the Registry Office, and to the proprietors of all other registry offices for servants, that they should present a copy of it to every new client they make, whether that client be a mistress in search of a maid or a maid in search of a situation. It would help both of them, and particularly it should help mistresses, for I do believe that Mrs. Sidgwick has—heaven knows how—found her way to the back of that seemingly impenetrable wall that servants have learned—in self-protection, one must suppose—to build between themselves and the class that employs them. If she hasn't, if all her kitchen, scullery, and servants' hall talk is fake, then I can only say that it is amazingly convincing fake, a remarkable example of what one can do with sympathy.

There are no men-servants in "Below Stairs." I imagine that they are as difficult to understand as the girls and women from whom Mrs. Sidgwick has drawn her characters, and that life is not long enough to master both classes. And it is curious to see that the weakest pages of the book are those in which the employers have the greatest share. Downstairs, at least in Mrs. Sidgwick's hands, the inhabitants are so much

more human, so very much more credible and reasonable. The mistresses and their men-folk give me the impression of being examples, types. They proceed according to rule. But you don't feel that about the characters who give the name to the book. Perhaps it is too late now, but I do wish Mrs. Sidgwick had used her knowledge with greater frankness, had spurned all temptations to a well-made plot and had told us a little more of the truth, even though her frankness had resulted in her book enjoying only a restricted circulation at the libraries. I should like her to write another book about the same world, and to tell all the truth, and not only the part of it which her ordinary readers are ripe to hear.

There are a great many questions about the psychology of the domestic servant the answers to which are only hinted at in "Below Stairs." How much do they understand of the life which is, speaking geographically, going on above them? And, more interesting still, how much do they hear? Do they put two and two together? Do they remember? Have they any other curiosity than that of the moment? Have they an intellectual curiosity about what is happening to their employers and their employers' friends? Do they take a plot interest in life? Of course, it takes all sorts to make a world, both below and above stairs, but I very much doubt if there is an



THE AUTHOR OF "MARY-GIRL" AND HER NOVELIST HUSBAND: MR. AND MRS. LEONARD MERRICK.

As is known to "those who know," the Hope Merrick who is the author of "Mary-Girl," the new play at the Vaudeville, is Mrs. Leonard Merrick. Her husband is the well-known novelist, whose reputation as a short-story writer stands so high. Mrs. Merrick was formerly Miss Hope Butler-Wilkins, and is a daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Butler-Wilkins, of Northampton.

Photograph by London Scottish Agency.

honest affirmative answer to any of these questions. It's a pity if I am right, for they'd get very much more fun—and sometimes very much more anxiety—out of life if I were wrong. The truth may be, of course, of a kind which would be very unflattering to those of us who are the employers. It is very possible that we are not, most of us, sufficiently interesting, that we are cut too much after a pattern of dullness and convention, that nothing we can do or say is half as engrossing as the things that occur downstairs either actually or in the minds of the class some of us choose to regard as beneath us. If you have waited at table a couple of thousand times, you may come very easily to the conclusion that the game of listening to what is said is not worth the candle.

My own feeling is that if one had to sum up in one word the quality in which the English maid shines one would say Discretion. Sometimes that discretion strikes a chill to the heart.



WHAT WILL THE TAXI-DRIVER—THINK? FINDING THE FARE IN HER BOOT-PURSE.

Only the other day we showed in "The Sketch" how woman's pocketless state is being remedied by certain Paris dressmakers, who make pockets in skirts and in waistcoats for the fairer sex. Here is the latest, a boot-purse.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



"EXTRY-SPESHUL!" A WEARER OF THE BOOT-PURSE NEWSPAPER-BUYING.

Photograph by Illustrations' Bureau.



CREST(A)FALLEN.



THE LADY: I don't know what you're doing, John, but you're not helping a bit!

DRAWN (ON THE SPOT) BY HEBBLETHWAITE.



## "À PROPOS DE BOTTES"—A JUMBLE TALK.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

"AND a groove is the same as a grave." . . . I folded the newspaper, closed my eyes, and gave myself up to mental enjoyment. Here was a phrase after my own heart. Indeed, the whole sentence was admirable: "Rules are a source of danger in the training of teachers. It tends to put the teachers in a groove, and a groove is the same as a grave."

Thus spoke Mr. Frank Roscoe at St. Paul's School in his lecture on the Training of Music-Teachers. I wish I had been present at that lecture, instead of merely reading a *résumé* of the sitting. Mr. Roscoe is sure to have said many other such wise things. In truth, rules are a danger not only to music-teachers, but to all of us. Rules have the commonplaceness and inadequacy of the ready-made. One cannot respect rules and be self-respecting.

The Americans were, I believe, the first to bring on the market half-sizes, quarters-of-sizes, longitudes irrespective of latitudes and vice-versa, in ready-made foot-wear. But then, Americans enjoy what is, in its results, equivalent to genius—absence of Tradition. Their innovation of odd sizes should be applied to gloves and—rules! As far as I know, the only way of being well gloved is to have your gloves made to measure, provided that the perfect pairs thus acquired you do not lose, forget, burst, soil, or let be taken as sentimental relics, for a pair of gloves cannot be made to measure at a moment's notice, and I defy anyone to be fitted in gloves bought ready-made. The long, slim hand will float in little bags; the short, fat hand will have empty finger-tips *à la* scarecrow mode. Lucky the hand that only suffers in its prison from a strangled wrist and a flattened Mount of Venus. Yet boots you can kick off now and then, and gloves you can drop; but rules surround you everywhere like the evil and hollow concatenation of a vicious circle. Rules, to have their *raison d'être*—which is to light up the way and guide you thereon—should be unsymmetrical, expansive, and malleable. A good rule should not be broken, for it should not be breakable, but bendable and adaptable. Theories should spring not from science, but sympathy.

A good teacher is he who knows his pupils as well as the art he is imparting; a good parent is he who vividly remembers his own youth; a good judge is he who knows humanity better than the Code; a good wife is she who knows men worse than her husband. Rules should be regarded in the light of tentative propositions and not of imposed principles—else, as long as there are rules, there will not be harmony, as there will not be justice as long as there are laws.

And, to come back to Mr. Roscoe's assertion that "a groove is

a grave," it is worse, it is a prison, from the narrow window of which you see always and only the same square patch out of the heavenly immensity. Who cares for a couple or so of stars when the disturbing appeal of stars is that they are as innumerable as they are distant?

A groove is the unhealthy home of despair—or satisfaction—both of which are the enemies of Progress, son of Restlessness. The hopeless and the satisfied are both stagnant. Do not blame too bitterly—nay, I would say (did I not know you were human and selfish) do not blame at all—but approve of your cook giving you notice for no worse reason than that she wants "a change." So she does, bless her! She wants new homes to conquer, new palates to please, new linoleum to tread under foot—even the beautiful Greek Key pattern may jar on a cook's nerves after a while; she wants a new tone to the "milk-ho!" Her glory is eager for new pans, and her heart for a new policeman!

The nomads and the vagabonds alone are the real home-lovers and patriots. They love the good earth their mother with a love that is wide, varied, and all-understanding. Their fondness does not nestle in such a field, such a forest, such a city. To them all fields are equally beautiful and bread-giving, all forests temples to pray in and think, all cities awful, electric, and fascinating. They love the giant benefactress, the universe, absolutely, and not certain parts of her, which parts circumstances only and careless lethargy have selected for the groove-deep conservatives.

Change, distiller of new sensations, a sort of blessed weathercock with thousand arms outstretched and thousand eager feet (queer bird, is it not?)—children love it, and the simple-minded who have not yet unlearned wisdom.

To love well one must love as a whole, and not in sections. He who loves really will not say, "I love her for her eyes brown and green like the thawing earth under the grass," but "I love her and all that is hers," be her eyes grey, black, blue, or violet, abysmal or small, slittish or even squinting! You love because you love—*voilà!* Which, amiable readers, is the blessing I call upon you all!

And, apropos of love and gloves, fit and fitness, here is a neat retort I overheard the other evening at a concert. I could not help hearing—they were sitting just in front of me, and touchingly unaware of anyone who was not they. She had deliberately and tantalisingly peeled off her right hand, which he immediately appropriated under her muff. She gave a little shivery sigh.

"Oh, darling," she whispered, "what is there in hands?"

He promptly pounced upon her left—"Hands!" he said.



HER FATHER'S GALLOPER? LITTLE MISS SMITH, DAUGHTER OF MR. F. E. SMITH, ON HER PONY.

Photograph by Haines.



HER LATEST PORTRAIT AS HORSEWOMAN: PRINCESS MARY, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

Photograph by Ralph.



*After the Tango—What? Guides for the Next Dance Craze.*



FROM ARGENTINA TO THE DISTRESSFUL COUNTRY: DANCES OF THE NATIONS.

No. II.—THE BALLYHOOLOWHISKY JIG—FROM IRELAND.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



**SALMON-FISHING AT CHELSEA, AND OTHER CURIOUS MATTERS: THE STORY OF A HOUSE.\***

**Chiefly Concerning a Spanish Prisoner.**

The charm of things past is as much in the byways of life as in the highways. That is a truism. Many things prove it, amongst them such books as "The Greatest House at Chelsey," which, if it deals with main issues, also treats upon those smaller matters which were such vital factors to the few, and are fascinating memories to those who have heard and read with ears to hear and eyes to see. In what History—portentous word!—does one find the human note? What sage of a chronicler will stoop to conquer the people when he is narrating the doings of those who have gone before them?—will give them just that intimate insight into periods which is so necessary to complete understanding? That is why the writer of memoir-history steps so gaily, knowing himself to be welcome; that is why Mr. Davies' work will be studied and will entertain. Who cares for the dull, great facts when he can learn that More bequeathed to the Lord Mayor a Fool, one Henry Pattenson? Who cares for them, again, when he reads the story of Sir Arthur Gorges and a Spanish prisoner given to him by Essex at the end of the sixteenth century? Here it is: "This Spaniard of mine was a gentleman and a soldier, but had of late years traded the West Indies by way of merchandise: with whom I one day talking and discoursing of their voyages and navigations (wherein he was very well experienced), amongst other things he told me that in their navigation from the Indies they sought out Spain in a more certain and gallant manner than we did England. 'For,' said he, 'we seek out our coasts aloft with our eyes, by the Heavens, by the sun and stars, and with the use of art and instruments which seldom or never fail; but you,' said he, 'that seek for England, when you are to run into narrow seas are (as I hear say) enforced for your surest directions (like men blindfold) to search under water, and to scrape with lead and tallow to the bottom

26 July, Sir Edmd. Wiseman, Rich Stuffs, etc.—£194 os. 8d.; 31 July, Mr. Poulte, his Bill—£21. Total: £369 12s. 8d.—Bills Wanting: Mr. Lambles' for fringe for the Toylet, etc., by estimate—£45; For lace (?) of 3 night shirts, 32 yards—£12 16s.; The shoemaker, hosin, swordcutter, Taylor, and belt maker—£40. Total: £467 8s. 8d."

**Salmon-Catching at Chelsea.**

Next: Salmon in the Thames at Chelsea, in 1664! "About the time we are speaking of, Sir Walter St. John, of Battersea, resigned all his rights to the 'rooms' of the Salmon Fishery in the Thames between Upper Lindsey Place above the Feathers to the Creek called York Place Creek, to the Chelsea Fishermen, with free liberty to cast and draw up their nets upon part of the waste adjoining, and also to the departure and liberty to feed one horse upon the waste for drawing up of their fishing-boats. . . . On Monday, the 30th May, 1664, the Chelsea Fishermen began to fish, and took from Monday to Saturday nine salmon weighing 172½ lb., and sold them as follows: To the Duchess of Ormonde, 13½ lb. at 16d. per lb.—19s. 6d.; to Lord Cheyne, 18 lb. at 18d.—£1 4s.; to Mr. Alston,



THE SURPRISE ROOM OF MR. AND MRS. OSCAR ASCHE'S NEW LONDON HOME: A PARLOUR MADE OUT OF TWO DINGY BASEMENT ROOMS

Photograph by the London Scottish Agency.

18 lb. at 18d.—£1 4s.; to several Fishmongers, 122 lb. at 14d.—£7 1s." This, as Mr. Davies has it, was a good beginning. But "a few years later a Petition was drawn up, that discloses the deepest grievances." "In former years," it is said, "this river did abound with salmon, gudgeon, pike, carp, perch, chubs, barbel, roach, dace, smelts, eels, and flounders, to the accommodating of the rich and relieving of the poor, by reason of their great plenty. We shall only instance two or three particulars—in former years salmon have been sold to the fishmongers as they run at 50s. or £3 the score; as also, at 3d. the lb., or under; smelts at 4d., 5d., 6d., 7d. the hundred; flounders at 10d., five inches and a half, and 12d. the hundred; market flounders at 20d. and 2s. the hundred. But of late the above fish have been sold for at least four times the above prices; the markets thereby are genererally unfurnished, and the fishermen greatly damaged and impoverished." Really, what was demanded was protection of fish against illegal nets. When Faulkner wrote in 1829, nearly all the species mentioned were still being caught, and he says further: "Sturgeons are sometimes caught here. . . . The angler's boat . . . should be fixed almost opposite the church. . . . The season for blenneting for roach and dace begins on the 1st July. Their scales are sold to the Jews for making false pearls, and are worth from 12s. to a guinea per quart. Salmon-fishing begins on the 25th March above London Bridge, and ends on the 4th September. . . ."—That for a few items in Mr. Davies' interesting story of "The Greatest House at Chelsey," that famous residence, built by Sir Thomas More in 1520 and demolished by Sir Hans Sloane in 1740, which in the course of two centuries descended but twice from father to son and changed owners no fewer than thirteen times!



IN THE HOUSE, UNKNOWN TO THEM, TO WHICH MR. OSCAR ASCHE AND HIS WIFE, MISS LILY BRAYTON, CAME ON THEIR RETURN FROM AUSTRALIA: ELIZABETHAN PANELLING AND AN ELIZABETHAN FIREPLACE IN THE DINING-ROOM.

Mr. Oscar Asche and his wife, Miss Lily Brayton, returned from Australia to a home they had never seen. The house (at Abercorn Place, N.W.) was bought and furnished for them by Miss Agnes Brayton. The surprise room is the cosy parlour, contrived by knocking two dingy basement rooms into one, and building handsome windows.

Photograph by the London Scottish Agency.

for banks, sands, and shelves, as if you would rake Hell for instructions, to find out the channel which you call the sleeve, and yet for all your soundings are oftentimes mistaken."

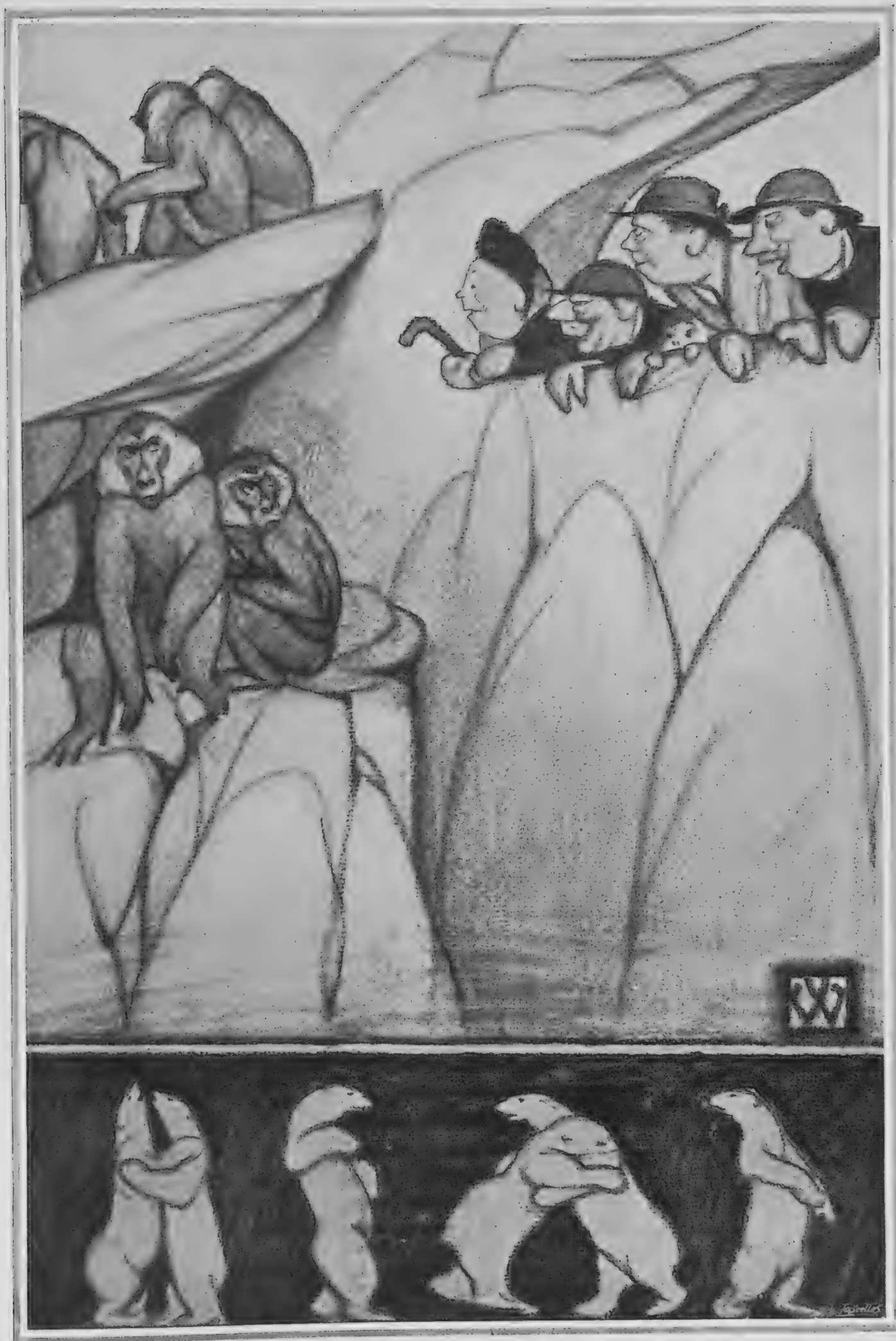
**A Bridegroom's Trousseau.**

Then there are such notes as: "In the Verney Papers, Priest's School is several times mentioned. Molly Verney was sent there when she was but eight years old, and learnt to japan boxes, and also to dance"—to japan boxes! And: "The Charge of the Earle of Ossory's Wedding Clouthes (in 1685). 18 July, Mr. Gosling, Gold Lace, etc.—£42 15s. 4½d.; 19 July, George Hanbury, Linnen, etc.—£35 10s. 4½d.; 21 July, Mrs. Mules, for Lases, etc.—£76 6s. 3d.;

\* "The Greatest House at Chelsey." By Randall Davies. (John Lane; 10s. 6d. net.)



WHO'S ZOO?



THE MONKEY (*regarding his alleged cousins*): Evolution be blowed!

DRAWN BY VERA WILLOUGHBY.



## THE OCCASIONAL LOVER: A ROMANCE OF NOWADAYS.

BY MARGARET CHUTE.

DIANA, wearing a creation chiefly composed of opalescent chiffon and a fixed smile, gazed at a dish of *petits fours*, and waited.

I like to make my heroine wait, so early in the proceedings. It stimulates interest. "What is she waiting for?" inquires the sympathetic reader. And that is my cue to proceed. (To be strictly candid, the above paragraph was written simply and solely because I had no idea what she *was* waiting for. Inspiration, however, has now arrived.)

Before she—Diana, I mean—had mentally debated the merits of a dissipated marzipan nut and a kilted effusion with a cherry as its central point, the door opened and a man stalked in.

My hero? Undoubtedly. And let me tell you, straight away, that he is—and was—a thoroughly respectable sort of hero: tall, lean, with admirably done hair, rather clever eyes, and an excellent tailor to help him through life. Mr. Archibald Saxe—the reader. The reader—Mr. Archibald Saxe. And now we can really get on.

"Hullo!" murmured Diana, with praiseworthy languor. "I was just wondering if anybody would turn up. . . . Don't choose the cake with the cherry—it's mine."

Archie Saxe, delicately hitching his trousers, sank into a chair near the cake-stand.

"If," he began, "you could possibly speak the truth, Diana, it would please me beyond words."

She had china-blue eyes, with dark lashes; and the lashes fluttered dangerously.

"I don't—quite—" she faltered.

"You do—perfectly!" Mr. Saxe dealt severely with the cream-jug. "Diana, you knew I should turn up—because you sent for me!"

"Sent for you? I—"

"Certainly. Your telephone message was delightfully explicit: 'Will-Mr.-Saxe-kindly-come-round-about-4.30?'—that's a message, isn't it?"

"Y-yes."

"And you sent it?"

"Y-y-yes."

"And you had a reason for sending it?"

Diana sighed, nodded, and attacked the *petits fours*.

"Good. I am here—but, Diana, I must be frank. Frankness is, at times, an absolute necessity. This is one of the times. Diana, I should have come to see you this afternoon whether I had received your message or not."

Diana pinched a marzipan walnut.

"Really?" she drawled. But her eyelids quivered, and a tiny pulse in her round, bare throat began beating—pit-pat, pit-pat.

The man—he was a hero, but even heroes are men, properly treated; and I have a gentle way with them, all my own—the man stared thoughtfully at Diana; and Diana studied a bowl of Roman hyacinths. It was an attractive bowl. On the mantelpiece a clock, a small enamelled clock, ticked solemnly, ceaselessly.

"I have something to tell you," stated Mr. Saxe—he of the excellent tailor.

Diana's air was naïve. What a charming word—so expressive! Few girls achieve naïveté without being foolish; but Diana, without a hint of foolishness, was deliciously naïve. Perhaps that was why her dance-partners found the most effective sitting-out places. . . . I don't know.

The fact that Mr. Saxe had something to tell her produced no outward effect on as much of her as remained unhidden by opalescent chiffon.

"Go on," she entreated. "Don't be *too* long, will you? I'm dining with the Wiltshires at eight. . . . Yes?"

Archie Saxe stroked his hair, and regarded her.

"Diana," he remarked, "I am renouncing my profession!"

The lady thus addressed dropped a grey suède shoe heavily on the carpet—the choice Aubusson carpet—and sat up.

"Profession?" she gasped. "I—I didn't know you had one!"

Her auditor shook his head sadly.

"No interest!" he lamented. "She takes no interest at all—I am nothing to her. She did not even know I had a profession."

Diana flushed—a hurried flush, that ran away as quickly it came.

"Don't be beastly," she implored him. "You've never done a stroke of work since I've known you! A man with three thousand a year of his own, and a doting uncle with half a lung who will leave him sickening sums of money at a fairly visible date, doesn't need to work. . . . What is your hateful old profession, anyway? And why are you—er—renouncing it?"

She thumped a cushion, and waited. This time she had a good reason for waiting.

"You are," Archie told her, "unduly harsh. However—I will, as I remarked before, be frank. I will disclose my profession. Diana, I am an Occasional Lover!"

Following her lead, he waited. When two people wait, events follow rapidly, sometimes.

"What's that?" inquired Diana innocently. "'An Occasional Lover,' indeed! There isn't such a thing!"

"There is!" remarked Mr. Saxe, with much decision. "Look at me—I am It!"

"You can't be It," corrected the lady. "'He,' you mean!"

"Do I? Perhaps I do—yes; I am He—the only Occasional Lover in the universe! And I am giving up business—which, by the way, is my reason for coming here to-day."

Diana moved restlessly in her nest of cushions. "Explain!" she besought him. "For heaven's sake—explain."

He gazed at her. "I will, Diana. You shall learn the whole history—a sad history—of the 'Occasional Lover,' as represented by a humble and unworthy being called Saxe. Listen—"

"I am, alas! presentable. I am, alack! moderately wealthy, with an uncle in the background. I move, alas!—alack! in what is mis-called Society. But, Diana—I am not a marrying man. Mothers have given up expecting to see me in a white button-hole and a state of blue funk, marching along an aisle to a tune that has made a fortune for some enterprising rag-time merchant."

"It's your own fault you aren't married," cut in Diana.

"True. I've just said so. Please endeavour to avoid the obvious. . . . This, Diana, is the moment in the drama. I am not a marrying man—mothers realise that fact—but other men are! And these men, my sweet Diana, need bringing up to the scratch!"

"How coarse!" murmured his sweet Diana.

"Yes. But expressive. . . . It is only because they have made up their minds to marry, sooner or later, that they delay the process. You see? That is where I come in—the Occasional Lover. In this way—jealousy brings a man up to the—er—point quicker than anything. I, in my role of Occasional Lover, supply jealousy in quarts, buckets, and oceans."

"I think you are talking nonsense," said Diana, and crinkled her nose.

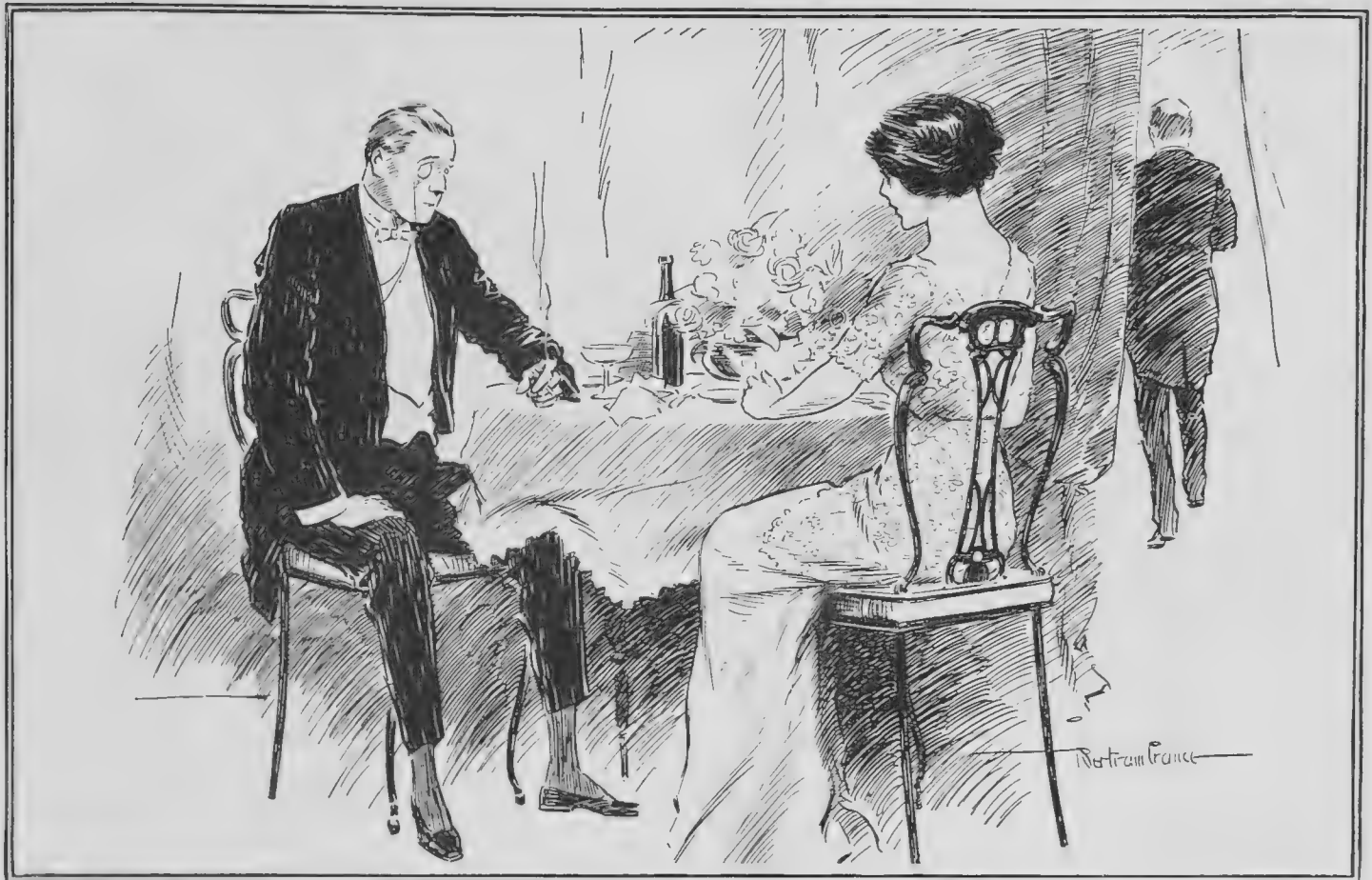
"I am. Nice nonsense, though. Here is the whole case. Mothers with marriageable daughters come to me, and say: 'Mr. Saxe—I want Geraldine to marry Mr. Snooks. He's rather backward—such a nice boy, really, you know. Will you—er—take her on for a little while?' From that moment Geraldine and I are inseparable. We dance, skate, ski, golf, shoot, ride and motor together. Wherever Snooks goes he meets Geraldine—with me! Rage seizes him. Sooner than behold his adored one snatched by a man whose income is under seven figures, the valiant Snooks proposes—by telegram, telephone, or wireless. Whereupon the delighted mother embraces me and invites me to the wedding. Then the Occasional Lover, having served his purposes, passes on to his next case. . . . *Voilà tout!*—and I should like a cigarette!"

Diana watched the grey-blue rings curling upwards. "It's very clever," she murmured. "What a unique idea. It must be

[Continued overleaf.]



NIL, NICE AND NISI.



HE: Really, dear, you've eaten next to nothing.

SHE (*pleasantly*): Oh, I always do that when I sit next to you.

DRAWN BY BERTRAM FRANCE.



HE: Are you unmarried, may I ask?

SHE (*aware of a "Nisi" pending*): Not at present, but I soon shall be.

DRAWN BY B. E. MINNS.

great fun. Oh, Archie! Now I know—so *that's* why——" she stopped suddenly.

"Yes?" inquired Mr. Saxe; and his heart began a curiously disturbing allegretto movement.

"Oh—nothing!" prevaricated Diana. "Only just something I remembered. So you've always been an Occasional Lover!" Her eyes were wistful. "How nice for you. And how maddening for——" Again her voice trailed away to nothing.

Mr. Saxe drove his cigarette savagely against an ash-tray.

"You are very tantalising to-day," said he, with a frozen smile.

She did not notice the smile. "So all the time," she continued, pursuing her own train of thought, "you've never been really in love—not once?"

He looked at her; and his eyes were dangerous. "Yes, I have," said Archie. "Once . . . and that's why I'm giving up business."

Diana trembled. "Oh!" she gasped. "So you are going to be married—after all."

"That's the first I've heard of it," Archie remarked. "Your deductions are rather wild. . . . No; I'm giving up being an Occasional Lover because I've been asked to play that game with the one and only girl I've ever loved."

"Oh!" It was a mere breath.

"And I'd rather shoot myself, straight away. So that's all about it." (I told you he was a splendid hero.) "Last night the mother of a certain girl asked me to become an 'Occasional Lover' to her dear daughter. . . . And I can't take on the job, you see, because I happen to adore the girl—and that makes it rather awkward, doesn't it?"

Diana's eyes were veiled. "Who is she?" asked a voice that came from nowhere—a flat, dull voice. "Considering all you've told me, I'd like to know her name. . . . Who is she?"

"You!" said Archie Saxe.

Diana sat dangerously still.

"You!" repeated Archie Saxe. "You! YOU! Diana—didn't you know?"

"Yes," whispered Diana. "I knew, all the time, in my heart—in the very inside of my brain. But I wanted you to tell me yourself."

Nobody said anything worth repeating for quite a long time. Then Diana began—

"Mother told me all about her great scheme, last night. You see, she's very sick that I haven't married, ages ago; and wants me to 'catch' that awful bore Henson, with the millions, and the moated castle, and the squint eye. And I've kept him off—and other men—because of you. Oh, Archie, and you seemed so indifferent and bored—it nearly drove me mad!"

"So you thought I didn't love you!" muttered Archie. "How wonderful! Listen to me, Diana. Last night, your mother fairly bowled me over. I didn't know what to say—so I said nothing, and she took my silence for consent. But I made up my mind to come round to-day, tell you the whole story—and ask you to choose. . . . And you've been thinking I didn't love you?" His eyes were very sad.

"Yes. What else could I think, seeing you dashing round with girl after girl?" grumbled Diana. "When Mother told me she had asked you to pay me all sorts of attentions—and you had consented—in order to bring Henson up to the—er—scratch, I knew I couldn't bear it any longer. . . . That's why I sent for you."

He jumped. "To tell me you wouldn't have me as a lover?" he demanded.

She laughed—a happy laugh. "As an *Occasional Lover*," she corrected. "But, Archie, I don't mind you as the real thing!"

It's a conventional ending, I know; but unconventional endings don't sell—so please forgive me.

THE END.



THE WANDERING JEW.

THE PATIENT: I vont to gif all mine money away!

THE DOCTOR (to himself): Undoubtedly delirious.

DRAWN BY SEYMOUR HURLEY.





# ON THE LINKS

WHAT TO DO WITH THE "HARD GOLF" AGITATORS: SEND THEM TO BLACKHEATH!

## The Good Injustices of Golf.

We have been told that this game of golf becomes too easy for us now. Many of the finest players of this or any other time have scorned the suggestion; and when John Henry Taylor, who has become five times Champion—than which no other man has done better—speaks of its terrors and the difficulties that beat him constantly, we ordinary mortals, with all our rascally ingenuity, may feel that it will serve our present purposes. It is the modern

craze for science and mechanics, and everything that seems to lower the consequence of human nature in life, that is trying to work its way into the most human and emotional of all games, and to apply ideas and systems of justice to it which it never has embraced and never will. It is suggested there must be an absolutely logical result to everything that is done in golf; all the elements of luck and human variability must be subdued; all must be exact, precise, and fair—and deadly dull, for that is what it would be. In many ways golf is not a fair game. The grossest injustices take place in it; but if there were no unfairnesses

in the field to prevent loose hitting by the cricket fozzlers? That is it! Why not fifty men in the field at cricket, and make that game less easy than it is? In the meantime, it has become a question as to what we shall do with these Hard Golf people, who irritate at times almost as if they were Suffragettes.

## Blackheath for the Grumblers.

I have given some careful attention to this question, and have discovered a solution. We must send them to Blackheath. We shall establish a penal settlement on the common and keep them fastened up in it, with four hours a day devoted to golf; and if they become ill through refusing to play it there any longer, we will let them out to Sunningdale for a day or two, and put them back at Blackheath again when they are well. And indeed we will go to look at them there. The point of this scheme, which may not be realised by every London golfer as it certainly ought to be, is that at Blackheath there is the hardest, the most difficult golf-course in the whole world; and it is a real golf-course, and recognised as such, and is the home course, regularly played on, of the oldest and one of the most dignified golf clubs in existence—the Royal Blackheath, dating from 1608. Here the golf is on the common, and the turf is hard and very nobby, with tufts and cuppy lies abounding, as is inevitably the case when it is considered that it is the playground of all the children and others who like to go there. There are various roads and paths running through the course, and the putting-greens are generally



REJOICING THAT THE LADIES' GOLF UNION AND THE NATIONAL ALLIANCE ARE WORKING TOGETHER: MRS. T. H. MILLER.

Mrs. Miller, honorary secretary of the Ladies' Golf Union and a founder of that body, has said that the Union is very pleased that the National Alliance has decided to work with them in the government of the English Ladies' Championship, and that she feels sure that the working will be amicable.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



GOLFING ON THE RIVIERA: THE HON. CHARLES RUSSELL.

Mr. Russell, who was born in 1863, is the eldest surviving son of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, a life Peer. He is a solicitor, and acts for the Jockey Club.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.

in golf the game would not be worth the playing, and comparatively few would play it. Do you realise that?

## Is Cricket Too Easy Also?

When it comes to a big human game like this, something that seems to be abounding with emotions, I should like to quote a few sentences from a great writer who is not to my knowledge a golfer, but who has a subtle sympathy with all things human. It is M. Anatole France, who was in London lately, and he was discussing three of the poets of his happy France, and came to speak of "justice." And he said, "In the philosophic sense of the word, it is nothing. In the vulgar sense it is the most melancholy of virtues. Nobody desires it. Faith opposes it by nature, and grace by love. It is enough for a man to call himself just for him to inspire a genuine repulsion. Justice is held in horror by things animate and inanimate." Then in no good sport are the principles of justice carried out, nor is there any attempt to apply them. Is there no lucky chance given to the birds in August, September, and October? And where is there such a game for luck as cricket, in which a catch that slips through the fingers may—and often does—change the fortunes of a three days' battle? Yet who talks of counting it a catch if the ball is touched by the fieldsman's hands, or placing twenty more men



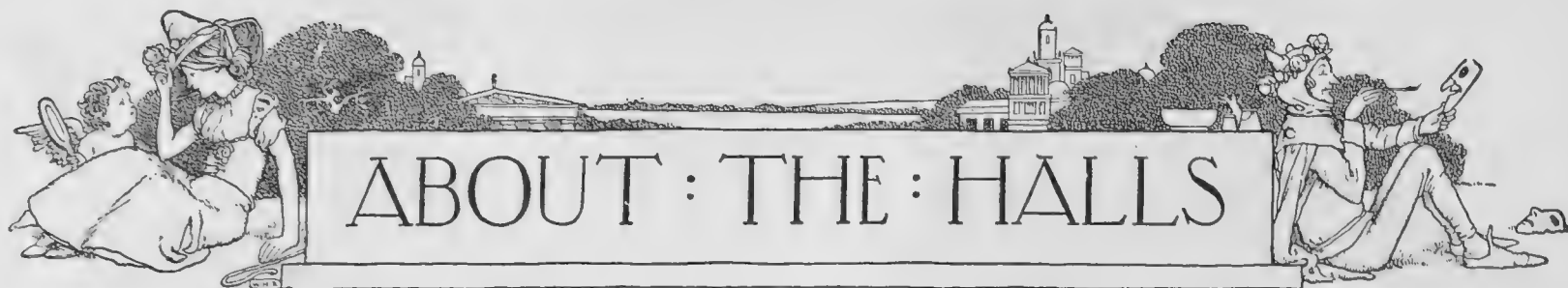
GOLFING ON THE RIVIERA: SIR ROBERT HUDSON.

Sir Robert Hudson, who was born in 1864, began political work in 1882, and is Principal Agent of the Liberal Party. He was knighted in 1906.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.

near to them. It is a bare, flat common, with what is known as Whitfield's Mount (a little bare clump of enclosed trees) as almost the only landmark. Usually there are many children to follow the anxious golfer closely and make remarks about his shots, kindly meant, but hypercritical at times. Also there is commonly a dog, and the dog displays impatience. There are long holes and short ones among the seven of this really classic course, and two of the former, being 500 and 540 yards respectively, come together, and make two of the hardest long holes in the world, for all their lack of bunkers. The Hard Golf people say that the lies of our modern courses are far too smooth. They pretend that they want them more difficult, as they had them in the old days. They must be sent to Blackheath—indeed they must—for there the lies and everything else are as they were in the time of our great-grandfathers, and their great-grandfathers too; and we can give our prisoners only gutty balls to play with—the ones they say they want. If a season at Blackheath in such circumstances will not silence them for evermore, I shall lose my faith in all things human.

HENRY LEACH.



LATEST DOINGS AT THE PALACE, THE PALLADIUM, AND THE TIVOLI.

MR. ALFRED BUTT has been fortunate enough to add to his list at the Palace a capital representation of that most interesting exhibition of Sir J. M. Barrie's subtle art which was originally produced at the Duke of York's Theatre under the title of "The Will." This little play is one of the most successful of modern short pieces, and is well deserving of all the kind things which have been said about it. The scene is laid at the offices of Mr. Devizes, a solicitor, and the play is produced in three sections illustrative of 1879, 1899, and 1914, the curtain being lowered for a few short moments to indicate the passage of time. The first scene represents the visit of a young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Ross, who have come for the purpose of giving directions for the making of Mr. Ross's will, and there is a very diverting scene between the pair and young Mr. Devizes, who jumps to the conclusion that they have come with the intention of obtaining a divorce. They are, however, rescued by the departure of the young man, and, after much weeping on the part of the young wife, the last testament is satisfactorily arranged. In the next scene Mrs. Ross arrives first, very resplendently attired, and debates with her husband the disposition of his property, which has very considerably increased. Everything is going well with

lotte doing eccentric skating

control over the testamentary funds. All being satisfactorily settled, they again depart. On the third rising of the curtain, we notice that the table of old Mr. Devizes has been removed, and his son is in sole possession. But the old man comes in—very old indeed—and no sooner is he placed in a chair by the fire than Mr. Philip Ross enters. He requires an entirely new will. His wife is dead, and his children have proved ungrateful, and he is prepared to leave his property to his solicitor or anyone else. A few short words, however, with the old man have the desired effect, and he leaves with the will unaltered. The little piece is admirably played by Mr. Sydney Valentine and Miss Helen Haye and by the rest of the company, and though the programme announces that it is to be performed for two weeks only, it is likely to have a further run. Sir J. M. Barrie is here to be seen at his best, and it is to be hoped that he will again achieve the success he undoubtedly deserves.

and with music by Mr. Charles J. Moore, and has been produced by the experienced Mr. Sidney Ellison. The first scene contains rather more plot than the revue is in the habit of exhibiting, and consists of the efforts of a retired bookmaker to secure

a person to win his money which has been bet upon a certain sculling race that is to take place at Henley-on-Thames. His son, played with much spirit by Mr. E. H. Kelly, backs out, and he is forced to rely upon the supposed prowess of an old clerk of his. He makes this unfortunate being go through the most exhausting course of training, and finally is driven to the expedient of boring a hole in the boat, which aperture is by accident inserted into the craft of his champion. In the second act things become frankly more revuesque, and nothing matters very much. But the whole piece is eminently merry. Messrs. Sam and Will Poluski work most undauntedly hard for the good of the piece, and with very great success. The Poluskis have long been established favourites at the Halls, and their efforts in this revue should do much to confirm them further in public favour. Mr. Vernon Watson's imitation of Mr. Frank Tinney is eminently diverting, and the performance of The Two Hollanders, is capital. The lady sings admirably, and

the man, especially in his imitation of Mr. "Jimmy" Glover as conductor, is immense. It certainly looks as if in this case the revue has come to stop.

At the Tivoli. This house still pursues its old career, and continues to enlist all sorts and kinds of entertainers to amuse its patrons. Last week I was attracted there by the announcement that there was presenting himself Mr. Charles Hart, the celebrated black comedian, and all in due course the great man arrived. I must frankly confess that I am just a little bit tired of black-faced humanity. We have had a great deal of it lately, largely in the revues, and it is wearing just a trifle thin. An indication of this fact is given by the present performer, who, by way of the latest contrivance, has taken to giving a burlesque of his predecessors in the bill. Mr. Hart pursues this course, and at some length describes those who have gone before him in the programme. This sublime artifice rouses a certain amount of laughter, but the device is incontrovertibly thin and cannot be reasonably expected to hold the ground for long, however well it is done. Mr. Charles Hart is as good as any of his forerunners, but it must be confessed that he makes no great impression, and would be better advised to take up some less well-worn line. He has the right gifts, and only needs more original ideas.



IN A DRESS DESIGNED BY LÉON BAKST: MISS MADGE BROADWOOD IN "HULLO, TANGO!" AT THE HIPPODROME.

The costume was made by Paquin.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

Yet Another Revue.

The Palladium has blossomed forth into a new revue, and it really looks as if we must hail another triumph. It is called "I Do Like Your Eyes," and has been written in two scenes by Messrs. Eustace Gray and Harold Simpson, with lyrics by Mr. Harold Simpson,



NOT AS USUALLY SEEN AT WINTER-SPORT RESORTS! LOTTE DOING ECCENTRIC SKATING AT THE AMIRALSPALAST, BERLIN.

Photograph by Haackel.



IN A DRESS DESIGNED BY LÉON BAKST: MISS GRACE WHITNEY IN "HULLO, TANGO!" AT THE HIPPODROME.

The costume was made by Paquin.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

ROVER.





WHEEL AND TYRE: A COURTEOUS COMMISSIONER: THE UN-ENDORSED: RACING SUNBEAMS.

### Wire-Wheels and Tyre Economy.

Some interesting theories have been raised of late on the question of whether wire-wheels are "kinder" to their tyres than the older type of artillery-wheel with wooden spokes. The editor of the *Autocar* postulates that the wire-wheels are more economical, but at the same time expresses the belief that the three reasons which have usually been defined as supporting this view are not alone convincing or complete, and adds another interesting theory on his own account. The stock arguments are that, because wire-wheels are much thinner than the wooden type, and have no wood or metal felloe to act as a heat-jacket to the rim, they are cooler in consequence; that wire spokes and the tangent principle of suspension provide a more resilient wheel, and thereby reduce the shock on the tyre; and, thirdly, that the wire-wheel is the lighter. To these factors in the situation the editor adds a fourth to the effect that the cardinal virtue of the wire-wheel lies in the fact that it is more nearly true than the average wheel of any type, not only circumferentially but laterally, and is practically devoid of wobble. There can be no question as to the necessity for truth in a wheel, or as to the deleterious effect of any lack of truth upon the life of a tyre, so that under this heading the only room for argument is the question of fact as to whether artillery-wheels, on the average, are more likely to run in wobbly fashion than the tangent-wheel. Granting this fourth reason, however, is there not yet a fifth? Can it not be justifiably contended that the spokes of a wire-wheel, both by their nature and their number, serve to dissipate the heat in a more effectual manner than the stouter wooden spokes of the artillery pattern? Certainly the tyre does not store up heat so readily on the wire-wheel as on one of wood; and though, as shown in Reason Number One, the construction of the rim has a good deal to do with this, I think it may be contended that the good effect is supplemented by the spokes themselves.

### "Toujours la Politesse."

There is no man, in official circles at all events, to whom London motorists owe more than to Sir Edward Henry, the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police. True it is that he has found or deemed it necessary to increase the number of police-traps of late in London, but one may be quite sure that he has done this with reluctance, and solely with a view to checking inconsiderate driving at cross-roads and other dangerous points. He has himself repeatedly expressed his objection to this method of police control, and has strenuously opposed for some time past the efforts of the London County Council and others to secure the imposition by the Local Government Board of special speed-limits of ten miles an hour in one locality or another. Where Sir Edward Henry, however, is particularly entitled to the grateful

appreciation of automobilists is in the uniformly courteous way in which he calls attention to undesirable tendencies, and appeals to motorists not to force him to take extreme measures. Recently, for example, he has notified the fact that car-owners are careless at times as to the way in which they affix their number-plates, or as to whether these become obscured or not by mud. Elsewhere there

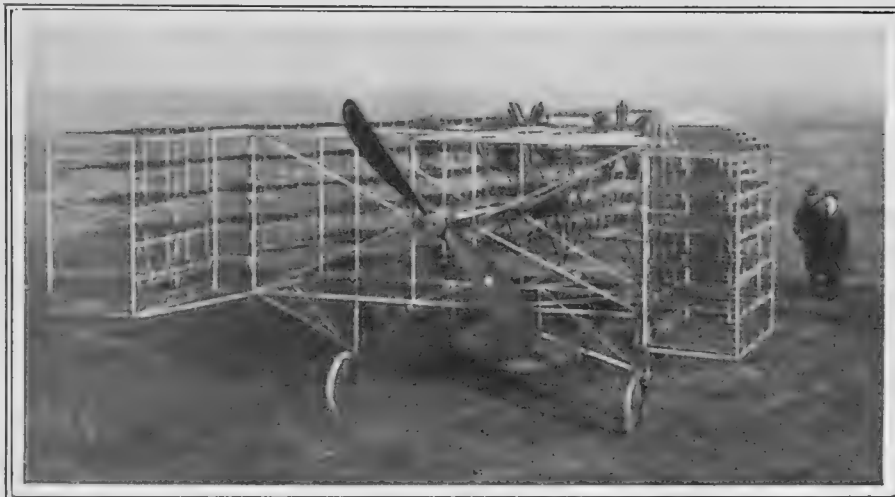
is too pronounced a tendency to harass the respectable motorist by summary proceedings in minor technical matters of this kind. Sir Edward Henry's polite reminder should be welcomed accordingly, and every car-owner should be particularly careful to accept it in the right spirit and act upon it forthwith.

**A Clean Sheet.** A correspondence which is nothing if not foolish is proceeding in the columns of the *Motor* under the heading of "The Elect," as a result of an editorial request to hear from drivers who are able to boast the possession of "clean" licenses. A certain number of people have come forward accord-

ingly to testify that their licenses are free from endorsement. There is absolutely nothing remarkable, however, in this, as the name of drivers whose licenses are spotless is simply legion. I, for one, have been a motorist since the earliest days, and have therefore had a license since documents of that kind became obligatory on Jan. 1, 1904; and, like innumerable others, I have never suffered an endorsement. What is really to the point, however, is not the number of clean sheets, but the number of motorists who have never been prosecuted under the Act. A conviction for technical infringement of the arbitrary speed-limit of twenty miles an hour is an experience from which very few of us at some time or another have escaped, and it would have been vastly more interesting to ask for the names of those motorists, of long experience, who can luckily claim to be still outside the enormous army of police victims.

An illustrated brochure to hand, with the title of "The Supreme Sunbeam," describes in an interesting way the racing policy of the Sunbeam Motor-Car Company during the past two years, and enumerates their successes abroad and on the Brooklands track. The policy, it may be said in a word, was to race with engines which were not special creations, but which were practically identical with standard touring models. The way in which this policy was justified in the Grand Prix and Coupe de l'Auto races in 1912 is a matter of history, for in the former event the Sunbeams finished third, fourth, and fifth, with two vastly bigger cars in front; while in the second race the

Sunbeams occupied the first three places. The Sunbeam also secured the honour of being the first car in the world to cover a thousand miles in twelve hours on the track, the actual distance being 1078 miles 460 yards.



AN EXTRAORDINARY NEW FLYING-MACHINE: THE ALL-METAL HYDRO-AEROPLANE INVENTED BY DR. ROBIOLA.

Instead of planes, there are flat metal plates, or slides. Many advantages are claimed for the machine, but it may be mentioned that there is one up-to-date thing it is unable to do—it cannot "loop the loop." But this, after all, does not seem any serious drawback.—[Photograph by Fornari.]



A WIND-SCREEN FOR MOTOR-CYCLISTS: THE DEVICE FITTED TO A MACHINE.

The invention shown owes its being to Mr. Taylor, of Ilford. The V-shaped wind-screen is adjustable. The aprons are designed to protect the legs from rain and mud.

Photograph by News Illustrations.



IN the letter printed this month by Sir Henry Lucy, President Wilson gratefully calls Sir Henry his instructor in the conduct of English affairs. But even Sir Henry, himself so learned, cannot effectively instruct an American on the niceties of English address. "Dear Sir Spring Rice," begins the President's more recent letter to another Englishman. In the ordinary way the mistake would not be at all surprising, for a casual acquaintance might well take "Spring" for the Christian name; but a President, even if he be a Democrat, is expected to know the exact title of any one of the Ambassadors at Washington. Or has Sir Cecil been so little to the White House that he is still but vaguely known there?

#### Transatlantic Translations.

In writing to Sir Henry Lucy the President of the United States made no shot at the knighthood. "My dear Mr. Lucy," was his plain way of beginning, and that, perhaps, was better than a random "Sir Lucy." American indifference to the proper titular forms works both for the promotion and degradation of our celebrities. Lord Charles Beresford can seldom persuade his Transatlantic friends to remember the Charles. He is generally given a peerage on his own account, and called "Lord Beresford." Peers, on the other hand, not seldom find themselves deprived of some of their dignity by the insertion of an initial. When he once read of himself as "Lord Ralph F. Camoys," his Lordship felt that he had been quite thoroughly adopted by his wife's countrymen.

#### Table Turn - overs.

On paper, Lord Rosslyn seemed to lose to Sir Hiram Maxim. Despite his Lordship's literary experience as a reporter, the other played the better hand in a newspaper controversy. But whereas Sir Hiram must rest on the unprofitable satisfaction of having done his sum correctly and proved the impossibility of a "system"

succeeding at Monte Carlo, Lord Rosslyn has the livelier pleasure of returning to the tables and winning good money. He makes no exact statement as to his purse, but it is calculated that he cleared about 90,000 francs at one sitting not long ago, and lookers-on—among whom, by the way, were Lord Charles Beresford and Count Albert Mensdorff Pouilly—were satisfied that he had a run of luck sufficient to put him in the best of humours before his departure for Egypt. He had resolution enough, however, not to squander five francs on a wire telling Sir Hiram his totals.

Lord Kintore, K.C.M.G., whose mission to Washington is exciting the Hearst Press of the States to no little hostility, presents many problems in nomenclature to the American journalist. The initials he carries

behind his name are legion. Earl of Kintore, P.C., G.C.M.G., M.A., Hon.L.L.D., F.R.S.E., is only an abbreviated version. He has not, at any rate, the "K.C.M.G.," which one genial visitor in a barbarous country explained away as meaning "Keep calling me George."

#### The Plagiarist.

Lord Kintore has a long record as a missionary of Empire, and Australia has enjoyed several opportunities of mauling his titles. Many years ago, in Adelaide, he made a speech that was being very largely quoted until a local paper came out with the astounding announcement that the whole thing was a plagiarism, stolen from an address delivered in England some time before by Lord Inverurie. The paper gave the speeches in parallel columns, and they were damningly similar. Lord Kintore pleaded guilty, but explained that he was Lord Inverurie at the time of the first address.

**Beads.** At one time Mrs. Patrick Campbell was the champion bead-wearer—a genius

for carrying barbaric ornaments was all her own; now it is everybody's. People used to diamonds and pearls are buying, some amber, others "real glass" beads in Bakst colours.



THE 'TARPORLEY HUNT CLUB'S 150TH BIRTHDAY: THE HOUSE-PARTY AT THE BALL AT OULTON PARK, THE RESIDENCE OF SIR PHILIP AND LADY GREY-EGERTON.

The last five figures on the right-hand side of the photograph are Lady Clare Annesley, half-sister of Earl Annesley; the Marquess of Crewe, President of the Hunt Club; Lady Iris Capell, elder daughter of the Earl of Essex; and Sir Philip and Lady Grey-Egerton. Next but one to Lady Clare Annesley is Lady Cotton-Jodrell.—[Photograph by Topical.]



MISS PHILLIDA WANLESS O'GOWAN, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. CHARLES R. CONGREVE WAS FIXED FOR JAN. 20.

The bride is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. R. Wanless O'Gowan, of St. Albans, Sunningdale. Mr. Congreve, of the Durham Light Infantry, is the second son of the late Mr. Walter R. Congreve, and Mrs. A. McDonnell Moore, late of Breinton House, Hereford.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO MR. T. H. C. BLAIKIE: MISS V. H. SCHOLEFIELD.

Miss Scholefield is the only daughter of Mrs. Arthur Jay, of Bramham Gardens.

Photograph by Langfieri.



THE WEDDING OF LIEUTENANT J. R. R. MARRIOTT, R.N., AND MISS MARGARET MURRAY: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

The bride is the eldest daughter of Sir John and Lady Murray, of Challenger Lodge, Edinburgh. Her father was naturalist on the "Challenger" during her scientific cruise, 1872-76. The bridegroom is the son of the late Major Marriott, 6th Dragoon Guards.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]



MISS JESSIE M. DE FABECK, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. LENNOX STUART BURGOYNE WAS FIXED FOR JAN. 16.

The bride is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. de Fabek, of Campden Court Mansions, Kensington, and grand-daughter of the late Surgeon-General de Fabek. Mr. Burgoyne is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Burgoyne, of Broadlands, Ascot.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO MISS V. H. SCHOLEFIELD: MR. T. H. C. BLAIKIE.

Mr. Blaikie is the only son of Lady Letchworth, wife of Sir Edward Letchworth, of Cornwall Gardens.

Photograph by Langfieri.





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**From Harem to House-Surgeon.**

The evolution of the feminine portion of humanity goes on with startling rapidity, far exceeding the pace usually set by that slow-coach, Nature. A hundred years ago, even in England, the females of a family lived practically a harem life, the wives never venturing into Society without their lawful husbands, the daughters—however middle-aged—never being suffered to take exercise without a maid, or a footman walking behind. Yet during the Balkan War, in one of the most savage and disturbed parts of Europe, a Woman's Convoy Corps, led by Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, with three expert women-surgeons, and a posse of nurses and cooks, made their way with extraordinary celerity to Kirk Kilisse and there set up a couple of hospitals with an operating-theatre, and attended sick and wounded Turks and Bulgarians with the greatest solicitude and success. In the Crimean War, it was considered a futile experiment to send out nurses to Constantinople, let alone the Crimea, yet a single woman, being a masterful lady in close touch with the Minister-at-War, revolutionised nursing in war, and afterwards the whole system of hospitals, civil and military. Except in a few drawing-rooms and boudoirs, it is clear the odalisque type is rapidly disappearing, and even where she survives, she usually attempts to justify her existence by serving on half-a-dozen philanthropic committees. But it is the other type which has come to stay, and we shall never go back to the sham shepherdesses of the eighteenth century.

**Women and Statistics.**

Contrary to popular opinion, women seem to have a singular love of statistics—those annoying little tables which jump at you from all the monthly reviews, and which a cynic has declared can be made "to prove anything." Feminine writers on health, education, insurance, prison-reform, and such social questions simply revel in tabulated numbers, from which the normal, healthy reader turns instantly to read about the Habits of Owls or the chances of a Balkan settlement. Yet I am sure that, here and there, the seeds of these statistics do not fall on barren ground, but spring up again in the form of earnest inquiries, committees, and Societies for the Encouragement of This and for the Abolition of That. This is our national temper, for, though the mass of Britons may be stolid, we have an amazing number of people who must be up and doing, suppressing or stimulating as the case—they think—demands. Sir Edward Cook has shown us how Florence Nightingale—usually regarded as a pensive mid-Victorian Lady going about the hospitals of Scutari with a Lamp—even in her youth was a diligent compiler of statistics. She felt, no doubt, that they impress Governments and departments; but when dire emergency arose, she literally cut the red tape off Supplies, and, failing them, she fed, clothed, and washed Thomas Atkins "on her own" and out of her own pocket. Never, perhaps, has there been a more peremptory woman in authority since Queen

Elizabeth, though the language of this nineteenth-century heroine was, if occasionally vehement, more decorous than that of the great Tudor Sovereign. "What a clear head," said Queen Victoria after her first meeting with Miss Nightingale; "I wish we had her at the War Office."

**A Judge on Allowances.**

Judge Parry has always *le mot pour rive*, but the other day he spoke uncommon good sense when he censured a father for not making his daughters a proper allowance. Precarious finance always leads to extravagance and carelessness; and the responsibility of money—for, after all, in the mass, Man is the earning and Woman the spending animal—ought to be early inculcated in the female mind. Again, it is putting your girl into an intensely humiliating position

to ask her to burst into the parental presence and solicit money for her clothes or pocket. There is, indeed, nothing more distasteful to a spirited and high-minded young person than this sort of "cadging" for money which should be paid to her regularly if she belongs to a well-to-do family. However exiguous the clothes of to-day, they still require to be made by an expert, and our multifarious occupations and sports demand three times the number of garments which would have sufficed for our grandmothers. One hears legends of ladies of high fashion who crossed the Channel on their summer holidays in pink tulle bonnets which had already done yeoman's service at Ascot and Goodwood—and, for all I know, at Cowes. The adornment of one's person was not the complicated problem it is now, and an adequate allowance is one of the problems which the father of attractive young daughters must face. Some form of insurance at birth, indeed, might meet the case.

**Talking and Thinking.**

A vivacious writer has recently suggested that, in order to think, you must talk. Very few persons, it is true, can think clearly without uttering a sound or writing down their idea. This is where the literary individual "scores." He has a means of expression in his hand which is an extraordinary aid to a reasoned-out argument. In thinking, you are apt

to go off the track, and we are some of us in a like case with the gentleman who opened the Encyclopædia to see if he had the symptoms of jaundice, and was led away by enticing descriptions of jaguars and Jesuits. And in talking, especially to clever people, it is extraordinary the number of ideas which present themselves suddenly, and one knows not whence. "Talking to think" may, at the first blush, sound a feminine mode of proceeding; but it has its advantages, because the other party to the conversation may, telepathically, supply the ideas. Or the two talkers may be of different mental calibre, and yet, like flint and steel, produce sparks which may be guarded and warmed into an intellectual flame. And whatever the result, conversation, when it does not take place between "Bromides," is an alluring and exhilarating form of amusement.



IN BLACK, "FAIENCE" BLUE, AND RUST-COLOUR: A TRIO OF MORNING DRESSES.

The figure on the left is wearing a tailor-made dress of black cloth. The coat, cut away very short-waisted and wide in the front, has a waistcoat of white moiré, and the skirt is buttoned down the front and slightly slit up at the feet. The centre frock is of "faience" blue cloth. It has a jacket trimmed with bands of stitching in a lighter shade. The right-hand figure is seen in a rust-coloured dress made of a coarse cloth. The bodice has a linen bib and a deep straight corselet, buttoned up at one side, while the pleats of the skirt are held in at the feet with a narrow strapping.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 28.*

## MEXICO.

NO regular reader of these columns can feel any great surprise at the latest development of affairs in Mexico. For eighteen months we have continually expressed the opinion that the outlook was as bad as could be, and at the end of November we dealt fully with the position and pointed out that further defaults were almost inevitable.

Although the full text of the Government's decree is not available at the time of writing, it is certain that the National Bank has been instructed to cease all remittances abroad for the service of the public debt. The fact that the suspension is nominally for a period of six months only is, to our mind, quite unimportant: if the conditions have not improved by the end of that period, there can be little doubt that the suspension will be continued.

There appears to be a growing feeling that Huerta is more to be pitied than blamed, and that the attitude of the United States is the primary cause of the trouble. With this view we are inclined to agree; but, if correct, it increases rather than diminishes the difficulty of the position.

Another result of the financial conditions is seen in the circular issued to the shareholders of the Mexican Tramways and the Mexican Light and Power Companies announcing that the payment of the usual quarterly dividends will be discontinued. The following table gives some idea of the falls experienced during the last thirteen months—

	Dec. 30, 1912.	Highest, 1913.	Dec. 30, 1913.	Jan. 17, 1913.
Mexican 5 per cent., 1899 .. ..	100½	100½	88	76
" " 5 " " 1904 .. ..	88	87½	71	66
National Railways 4½ per cent. Prior Lien 50-Year Bonds .. ..	92½	92	60	56
National Railways First Preference .. ..	67	67½	29	27
Mexican Railway First Preference .. ..	138	141½	112	110
" " Ordinary .. ..	58	59	33½	33

## SHORT NOTES.

If, as seems probable, there is a revival of interest in Home Rails when dividends are announced, the relative values of Dover "A" and Chatham Second Preference seem worth noting. On the basis of the results to last June, there was a surplus available to pay 2 per cent. upon both these stocks, but the moment the surplus exceeds this amount, Chatham Seconds will get a higher rate. When the latter are getting 3 per cent., Dover "A" will only get 2½ per cent., and when the same stock is receiving its full 4½ per cent., Dover "A" will have to be content with 2¾ per cent. We have pointed this out before, but it seems worth noting again.

On the last occasion that we referred to North Caucasians we suggested that it might be well to secure any profits, and the subsequent reaction justified this view. Our latest information, however, is that developments are all that can be desired, and that a further advance is far from improbable. We hope to refer to the shares again shortly.

We have once or twice mentioned United Malaysian shares as having possibilities, but the report which appeared last week destroys any lingering hopes which remained. One factory made a small profit for five months of the twelve, but the total year's working resulted in a net loss of £66,471. From the figures of the balance-sheet, we imagine the Company must be coming to the end of its tether.

A far more cheerful document is the second annual report of J. Sears and Co. (True-Form Boot Company). The net profits are increased from £53,100 to £55,300, and the dividend on the Ordinary shares raised from 10 per cent. to 12½ per cent. £10,000 is again transferred to general reserve, and the item "Preliminary Expenses" is reduced to £3500 by writing off £10,000. The carry-forward is raised from £3900 to £5100. The report strengthens our opinion that the Preference shares are a very sound high-yielding Industrial investment.

Duff Developments have been bought during the last few days, and the character of the buying was such that we think the rise can be followed.

## OVERHEARD IN A CITY OFFICE.

Everybody in the office seemed to know the City Editor, and he was accommodated with a seat on the edge of a desk.

"I suppose you get some funny letters sometimes?" inquired the senior partner.

"I don't know about funny," replied the City Editor, "but some of them are very interesting"—and he fished about in his inside pocket, which appeared to contain the accumulated correspondence of years. "Here's one, for instance. A lady tells me that she has several Consols and some money to invest—shall she buy Consols or something safer?"

The senior partner and the rest of the office thought this a great joke, and roared with laughter.

"I thought you'd do that," said the City Editor when quiet was restored. "In fact, I nearly laughed myself when first I read the letter; but the more I think about it the less inclined I am to answer sarcastically."

"A soft answer turneth away wrath," suggested the clerk sagely.

"But a light one reverses the process," replied the other speaker; "and how is it possible to say that there is no safer investment than one which has declined from over par to 72 within a very few years?"

Nobody seemed ready with a reply until the senior partner suggested tentatively that the British Government's guarantee was surely good enough.

"Of course it's good enough, and the interest is as safe as, or safer than, in any other stock in the world; but what does that profit a man if his capital depreciates?"

"Well, what did you advise the lady, after all?"

"I haven't answered yet," replied the City Editor, "but I think I shall advise her to buy some sound redeemable stocks standing below par. She'll be sure of an eventual improvement in her capital, and there are plenty which are as safe as—as—"

"Consols?" queried the clerk.

"Or very nearly," was the laughing reply. "Take things like Wolverhampton Corporation 3½ per cent. stock, redeemable 1932, or Canadian Government 3½ per cent. registered stock, redeemable two years later—"

"I've got some Cape of Good Hope 4 per cent. Inscribed stock," remarked the senior partner, "that's redeemable in 1923—"

"That's another good one," agreed the City Editor. "All three are full trustee securities, and, reckoning profit on redemption, they yield well over four per cent."

"And now," intoned the clerk quietly, "let us sing hymn number nine hundred and ninety per cent."

The City Editor, who was inclined to take himself seriously, looked a little shirty, but when the interrupter had been ejected he produced another letter from his pocket. "Can any of you help me over this?" he asked. "Dear Sir,—Will you kindly name what you consider the three best purchases for security, yield, probable appreciation, and marketability?"

"That's a bit wide, isn't it?"

"There's absolutely no restriction whatever, and I don't suppose any two people would agree—I'm going to take it that the writer wants about 5 per cent. and possibilities."

"And suggest?"

"The new Canpac notes—even if they're redeemed in two years the yield is 5 per cent., and if they run ten years the yield is 5½ per cent. And then City of Budapest 4 per cents are attractive at about 85½, because they are redeemable by half-yearly drawings at par before 1960."

"I'll give you the third one," said the senior partner—"City of San Paulo Treasury Bonds—"

"And very nice too," said the City Editor; "but if I don't get back to the office soon there'll be trouble. Fare thee well, gentlemen."

Saturday, Jan. 17, 1914.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

HORSESHOE.—If the three suggested in the above dialogue don't suit, send a few more particulars, and we'll mention some more.

PRUDENT.—We think you would really do better by buying one of the Trustee stocks mentioned in the above dialogue.

DUBLIN.—Owing to unsatisfactory conditions in Brazil. We think, however, you had better hold. Please note for the future that letters should give the writer's name as well as address as evidence of good faith.

CONSTANT READER.—Our idea is that no Steel or Iron shares should be bought at present, in view of the undoubted decline in trade. Next dividend probably about May.

VERBOM.—Nothing seems known on the Stock Exchange, as far as we can learn, but the buying has been "good," and the rise looks like going further. Many thanks.

J. M.—(1) The *Bondholders' Register* is published twice a month from 73, Farringdon Street, and would give you the necessary results. (2) Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., Threadneedle Street. (3) We are not sure, but think so.

BON.—We are always pleased to advise. We should not care to hold the foreign bonds you mention, even at present price. We think (2) and (4) on your list are both excellent purchases.

V.C.D.—We have not the address at the moment, but will forward any letter you send. The paper is now rubbish.

PUNTER.—As speculative investments the first two and the last on your list appeal to us the most. We consider there is considerable danger in the other idea.

PETER.—(1) Your contention is quite wrong, but the dividend, as far as we can see, was 40 per cent, which should be 8s. We will verify this and let you know next week.

The Report of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., for the year ending October is as good as the cars which the Company produce. The year's trading resulted in a net profit of £91,184 as compared with £71,063 for the previous year. The directors recommend a dividend of 20 per cent. in all for the year, and the balance is utilised to eliminate the goodwill, which stood at £40,000, and £12,650 is carried forward.



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### Prophecies.

I am not going to infringe on the province of Mme. de Thèbes, the Parisian prophetess who tells of fire and water for America this coming year and of general strife in Europe. I desire only to comment on the prophecies already current on the fashions to come. They say that they are to be revolutionised, and I believe there is something in it. The rather rag-like, soft, and attenuated style has had a long run, and, judging by the prices at which such dresses are being dispensed at the sales, the end of that run is approaching. We shall probably, in the spring, start on a career which will end in a modified version of Louis Seize: panier and short skirts, not hoops or crinolines—there is no room for them in modern life—but some clever, *chic*, and becoming adaptation of the ideas of the artists of those days. The reign of black is also apparently almost at an end, and there is a distinct feeling for delicate, but decided, hues. Coats short and slightly draped are also to be worn—a little bizarre at first, most likely, but settling down later into neat, smart, and becoming shapes. Hats will undoubtedly be larger and smarter, but they will still be of moderate proportions: motor-cars render the general wearing of very large head-gear most inconvenient. I hear that an attempt is to be made to re-introduce embroidered and gauntleted gloves. These would do well with an up-to-date adaptation of Georgian riding-dress. The soft, high-tongued, largely buckled shoe is also, I hear, coming back. Well, we must follow sage advice, given from high quarters, and wait and see; but a *rentrée* of the modes of the First Gentleman in Europe for the fifth Georgian monarch's reign will not be inappropriate.

### A Rara Avis

Is a "black swan." Ancient and modern, black and white, are all embodied in the history of the Black Swan Inn. Its appearance in the pages of "Barnaby Rudge" most of us remember. From the Black Swan Inn in Holborn started the coach from London to York which performed the journey in four days—"if God permitted," to quote from the old way-bill. Those days live now only in history; the modern motor-car makes such a run in less than a quarter the time. Yet old associations, like other things which we will not mention, come home to roost; and on the site of the old Dickensian inn stands now a noble modern building bearing the name James Buchanan and Co., who are celebrated as whisky makers. Also they keep to the horsey association, but on modern lines: their magnificent van-ners are among the sights of London to horse-loving people. Only a colossal concern such as Buchanan's can do things

in so splendid a way; the phenomenal success of this firm has made it just such a concern. Mr. James Buchanan founded it in Glasgow thirty-five years ago, and now it is of world-wide fame. The policy of everything of the best is carried through and throughout the entire business, and so we have

on the site of the Black Swan Distillery—for it became one after it was an inn—the great head office of the Buchanans, distillers of the Scotch whisky that has been and is asked for all over the world

by rulers like Queen Victoria, the late King Edward, the King of Spain, the Emperor of Japan, and our good King George, as well as by the people. The old Black Swan is not forgotten; its very worthy successor is still a *rara avis* in commercial undertakings, and a white swan, too, in its reputation for good liquor.

### Giving Pleasure.

The best pleasure of this planet is to please other people. When up in town for the sales, or for business, or to go to the play, or to see a

doctor, or any other of the thousand-and-one things that bring people to London, it makes of the visit a real pleasure to take presents home. Things cost so little, and mean so much. I am sure at Boots' wonderful place, Regal House, Regent Street, it is quite extraordinary how many up-to-date and charming things there are which will give great pleasure and at small cost. There are dozens upon dozens of daintily put-up perfumes, skin-foods, creams, bath-salts, soaps, powders, etc., which would charm a girl or a woman—we are all girls at heart where dainty things are concerned. There are delightful and also useful dressing-table equipments—hair-brushes, manicure-cases, and many other things, from a humble shilling to a hundred of them. There are numerous hand-bags, and very many lovely things, little and big, in silver. These are of extraordinarily small price, considering how charming they are. To ensure giving pleasure, never leave London without making an investment at Regal House.

### Making the Best Of It.

In these days there are so few things that we need sit down under and decide there is nothing to be done. A girl I know was knocked quite out of time and tune by an accident which disfigured her nose. She was sensitive, and would not see people; and was allowing her misfortune to warp quite a sunny nature. Then came along an American girl who heartened her up, and told her she could have her nose set right. It proved to be so; the American girl knew that a system was scientifically practised in Paris and New York by which friends of hers had got rid of nasal and facial defects, and she found that Mr. C. H. Willi had established some time back an institute at 475, Oxford Street, for the treatment of such things by application of a scientific process, and that he had obtained a great many successful and highly satisfactory results. The girl in question is fast improving under him—the only exponent of the process in this country.



AS PRINCESS BADROULBA-  
DOUR IN "THE ARABIAN  
NIGHTS": MISS ENID COLLARD.



AS A GIRL FROM ARABIA:  
MISS NELLIE GWENDOLINE  
WATKINSON.

Photograph of Miss Watkinson by Wright.



AS AN EARLY-VICTORIAN YOUNG PER-  
SON: MISS DOROTHY GREENAWAY.



AS THE SHOP HOURS ACT:  
MISS S. FRAENKEL.



AS SUNSHINE: MASTER CYNRIE  
DAVIS.

### THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE; STRIKING COSTUMES.

The Lord Mayor, Sir Vansittart Bowater, gave the annual Fancy-Dress Ball for children at the Mansion House on Tuesday of last week. It was, as usual, a great success.—[Photographs by Parker, Southampton Row; Langfier; and Speaight.]



A HAPPY COUPLE MADE ONE:  
MASTER E. FOY AS "BRIDE  
AND BRIDEGROOM."



AS A WOODEN SOLDIER,  
AND RIGIDLY LOOKING THE  
PART: MISS R. HALE.

Photographs by Langfier and Lafayette.

## THE DORKING AMATEUR PANTOMIME.

WHAT has now become almost a hardy annual in the shape of an amateur pantomime was played to crowded houses twice on Jan. 14 and once on Jan. 15 at the Assembly Rooms in Dorking in aid of various local charities. The story selected on this occasion was called "The Unlucky Princess," and the scene was laid in "Sleepyland," where King "Easygo" reigns supreme. In fresh guises we had the familiar comic King, the distressed Princess, the Ambassador who comes to propose marriage to the lady on behalf of his master and falls in love with her himself, an elopement, and the eventual discovery of the runaways on a desert island. There were, of course, wicked and good fairies, and a very clever little lady who played a Peacock and strutted about in a most enchanting manner calling on everybody to admire her tail. The dancing of a Sea-Nymph (Miss P. Corfe) and a bevy of children as Seaweed fairies was received with great applause. Where all did well it is difficult to single out individuals for praise, but the King (Dr. G. T. Loughborough) was often very funny, and the Princess (Miss Barbara Stirling) looked charming and was always graceful. The music, which was delightful, was arranged, conducted, and partly composed by Miss Margaret Loughborough, who was also the author of the play itself.

Now in its second year, "The International Whitaker" bids fair to be as permanent and indispensable as its elder brother, "Whitaker's Almanack." The new edition has a green cloth cover, and the price remains at 2s. It has been hailed by many as an excellent universal geography book for self-educators and for teaching purposes, as indeed it is, as well as a work of reference.



AMATEUR PRINCIPAL GIRL IN AN AMATEUR PANTOMIME: MISS BARBARA STIRLING AS THE PRINCESS, WITH THE AMBASSADOR, IN "THE UNLUCKY PRINCESS," AT DORKING, GIVEN IN AID OF LOCAL CHARITIES.

## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

## "The Grey Cat."

By J. B. HARRIS BURLAND.  
(Chapman and Hall.)

"The Grey Cat" is a murder story. The grey cat had nothing particular to do with it directly, but there is something about the presence, only, of a cat which charges the atmosphere for the sensitive. Black cats and white cats have lent their mystic eeriness to murder already, so now we have a grey cat. As a departure, it is not an improvement upon the other colours. The structure of the plot is clumsy, its details are often careless, and character, which should play the most important share of action born of passion, is its weak rather than its strong point. It is quite impossible even for five minutes to believe in Lord Launceston's family secret, in Hengist's imprisonment or flight, in his defending counsel, or Lucy Droxford, or the police, or the informers. The grey cat remains the one possible creature of the drama, and it also becomes incredible when in the hands of its owners. An unconscious naïveté of style might have saved a more ingenious or less improbable scheme. There are moments like the one in which Hengist emerges from the secret panel (he had been hidden there to escape his trial by his father, who was the murderer) almost disarming in their laconic simplicity. But the grey cat is a beast existing by the bare traditions of manufactured crime.

## "The Gentle Lover."

By FORREST REID.  
(Edward Arnold.)

It takes a stolid, and perhaps a stupid, person to travel without accumulating notes de voyage. Without any special journeys, we are each collecting them day by day, labelling them "experience" or "intuition" or "observation," drawing a profound moral from them or a pleasing dinner anecdote, according to mood and temperament. When it is no longer a matter of a 'bus-ride or a country

[Continued on leaf.

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## CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Winter Sport Abroad and at Home; A Woman Vanishing in a Cone; The New Supper Clubs; Miss Fritzi von Derra; The Champion Light-Weight Wrestler of Yale; Miss Sybil de Bray; "Nuts and Wine," at the Empire; Miss Madge Lessing; Mr. Cyril Maude in "Grumpy."

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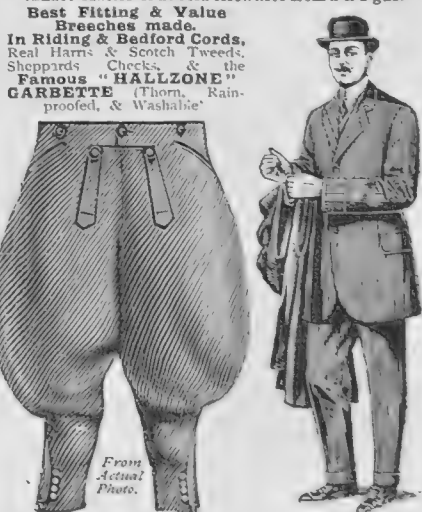
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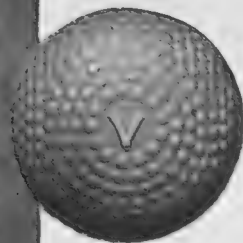
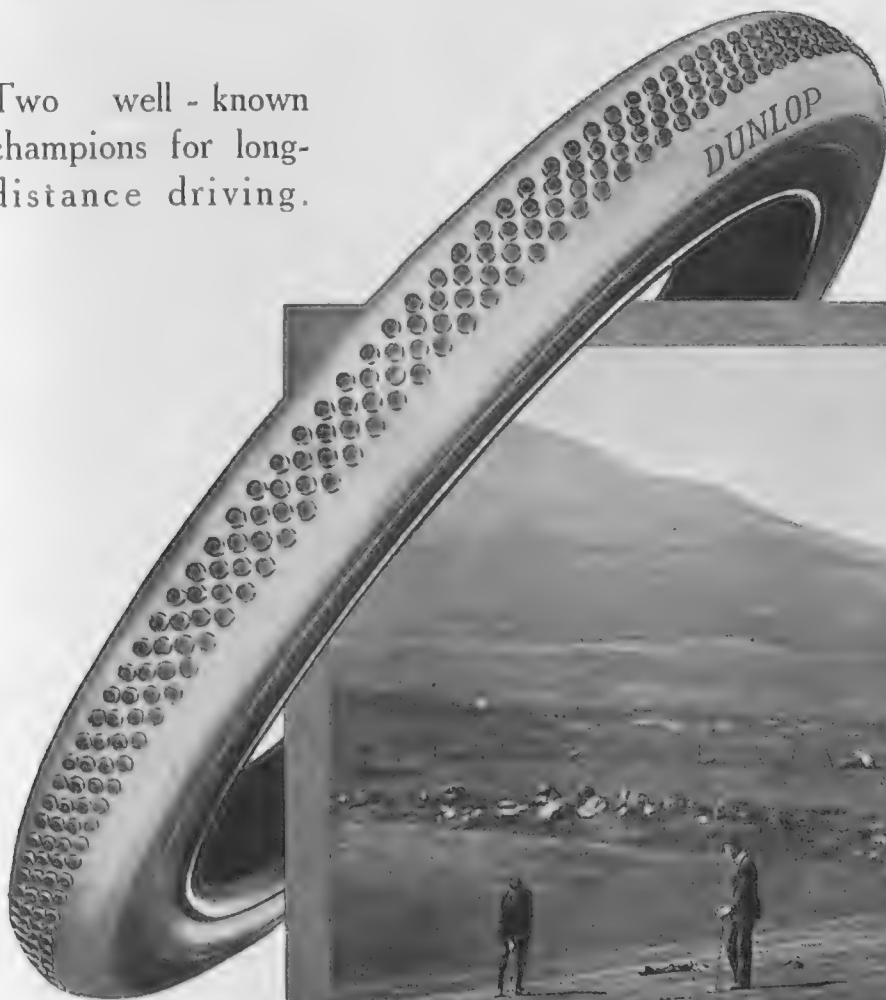
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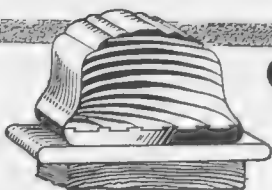
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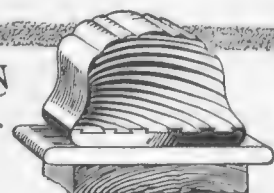
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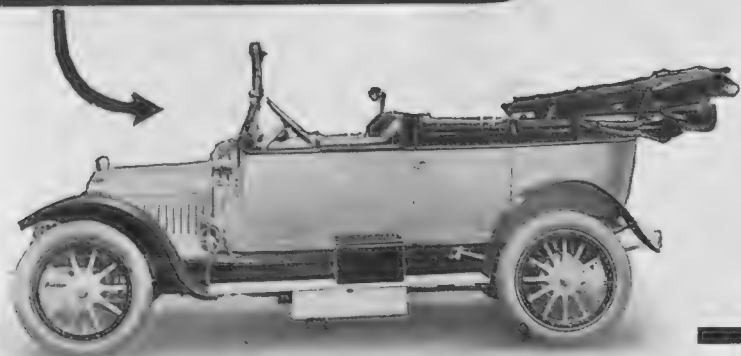
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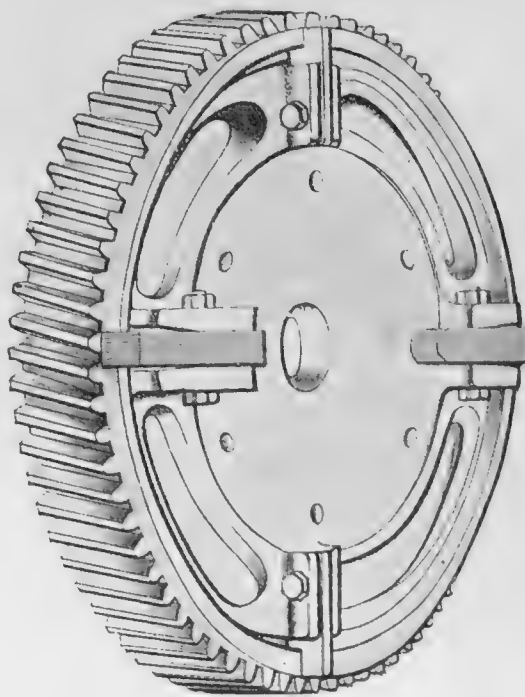
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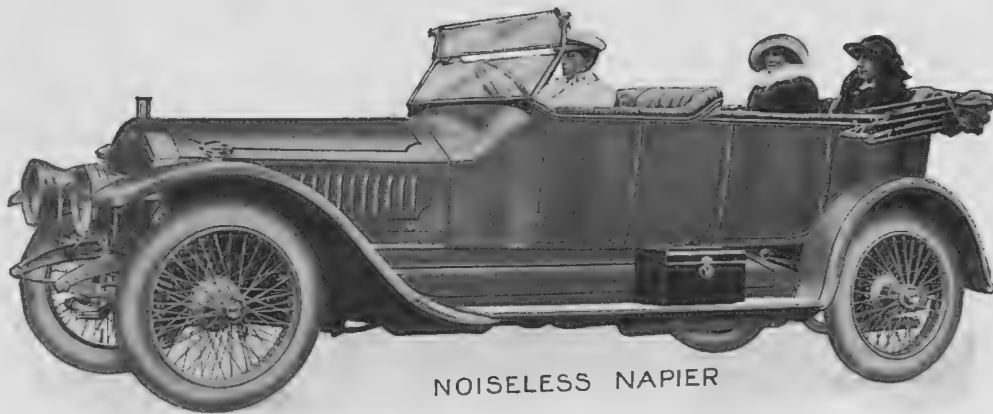
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Splendid Queen Anne Design Set of 2 Carving Chairs and 6 Small Chairs, all with Upholstered Panelled Seat and Shaped Legs, very fine finish	7 15 0
5 ft. wide Queen Anne Design Sideboard	6 17 6
3 ft. wide Bookcase and Bureau Writing Desk combined, very choice	7 15 0
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Overmantel, fitted Bevelled Plate, Solid Oak	1 10 0
The Very Fine Hepplewhite Design Mahogany Sideboard	10 10 0

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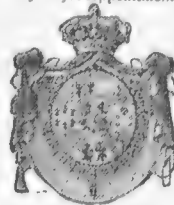
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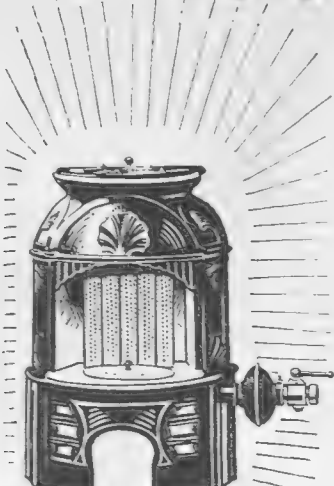
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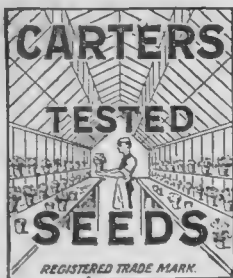
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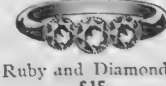
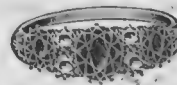
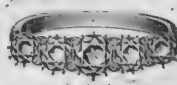
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*Continued.]*

jaunt, but touching cities which the centuries have coloured with romance, there grows a yearning in every healthy, normal person for the sketch-book or the note-book. Henry Jones and Mary Brown are perfectly aware that Ruskin may have written of the Stones of Venice, and Canaletto painted them for all time; presently they will themselves return to the revelations of those inspired guides, but, treading over and gazing towards those very stones, they would fain bring their handful of coals to Newcastle. And just so far as Henry really sees and Mary really feels with the fervour of naïve, responsive human beings, the sketch-book and the note-book will be worth while. Bruges, Florence, Siena, and Pisa are a charming itinerary, and Mr. Forrest Reid's gentle lover is little more than an amiable mount on which an author may fix his pleasant group of holiday reminiscence. Its claim to be "a comedy of middle age" is altogether too dramatic; it is not even in any constructive sense a story. People wander in and out as inconsequently as the guests of an hotel come and go. The bogus spiritualist of Florence has no meaning; his appearance is misleading, and the object of his introduction mystifying—which, of course, is just what he would have wished; but Mr. Reid is not out to organise a séance or to expose it. The lover himself—a kindly, gentlemanly, dull person— forfeits sympathy by a declension on the middle-aged lady as sudden as that of the Duke's in "Twelfth Night." The red boy is just attractive padding, and the means are often clumsy by which the party is kept together at all. Remain—Bruges, Florence, Pisa, and Siena lending their gracious beauty to some commonplace people, and lending it very handsomely. If Mr. Reid demurs, let him drop those folk and their affairs in Balham—where they would be quite at home—and look for the lost charm of his story. It has a charm, undoubtedly, and that is due to Mr. Reid's personal response to loveliness.

"Green Chalk."

By DORIS SOMERVILLE.

(The Bodley Head.)

From the standpoint of art or of life, it is equally difficult to say nice or encouraging things about "Green Chalk." Read "Green Chalk," and you will be moved—no, that is impossible to promise. Read "Green Chalk," and so learn something more about men and women, about truth or beauty—quite out of the question. Read "Green Chalk," and you will be amused—well, will you? "Green Chalk" is at least "splendidly mendacious." The tinsel thread of narrative must on no account be touched—it is only meant to be looked at from afar—

and the puppets are no less tawdry. The heroine's red hair with purple lights waves like an oriflamme through the pages: it would be a curious task to count the appearances of its "tantalising ripples." Then there are her sea-green eyes and her dazzling whiteness. Forget-me-not eyes and corn-coloured hair are dealt out to the elegant lady villain; and we are privileged to meet her in one of her black moods in a black-hung boudoir serving tea in black Wedgwood cups and gloomily twisting a black pearl set in platinum round her finger. Needs it more on the subject of "Green Chalk"—that urgent need of the pavement artist for expressing the sea-green eyes of his vision?

Haileybury College is fortunate in having among its masters a sort of amateur Gilbert and Sullivan in one, Mr. G. H. Sunderland Lewis. An excellent revival of his Christmas musical play, "Santa Claus," of which he wrote both words and music, and in the production of which he stage-manages, conducts, and plays the drum, was given on two days at Queen's Gate Hall. A number of Haileybury boys, past and present, took part. Mr. H. C. Gordon, Mr. N. R. D. Tennant, and Mr. K. Lyon were particularly good, while the chorus and orchestra were admirable. The ladies of the cast also played very well, especially little Miss V. Bartlett in the child part. "Santa Claus" is a children's fairy-play that deserves wider fame. It was preceded by an amusing one-act piece, "Ringing Up," in which Mr. Gordon also scored heavily.

"Region of Lutany" is the title of a little book of verse by Winifred Ellerman (Chapman and Hall; 1s. 6d.). At first we thought Lutany was some country that had been overlooked in our studies of geography, but, as a matter of fact, it is to be found neither in the gazetteer nor the dictionary. The author has apparently coined the word, on the analogy of "lutanist," as a synonym for song or music, and she is very fond of it. Her fourteen short poems are inspired mostly by scenes in Sicily and Corfu, and she describes them very gracefully. Her verse has a singing quality, or "lyrical cry," and a fluent felicity of phrase which make it very readable. The poem on butterflies, "The Pages of the Flowers," is particularly musical, and lines like "Where the bronzed pansies sleep" and "... a sun-crowned peak Rose like a lily from the violet sea" strike us as typical of a feeling for language which should carry the author far in poetry.

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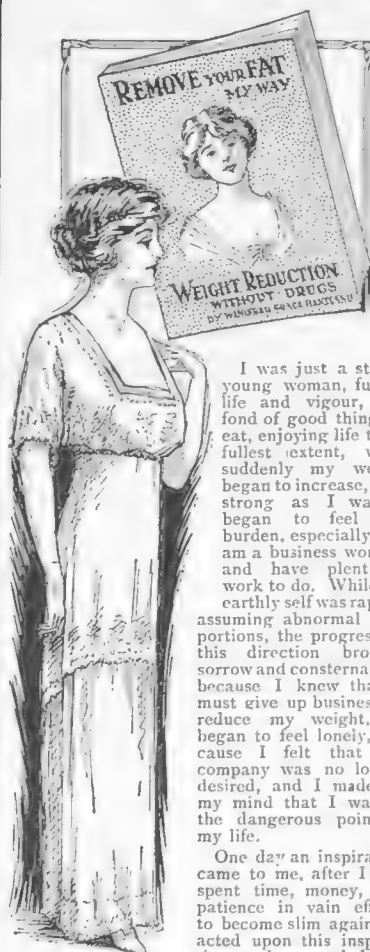


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## THE CHAMPION LIGHT-WEIGHT WRESTLER OF YALE: A PORTRAIT.



WINIFRED YESTER, IN "SHADES OF NIGHT": MR. S. P. DODGE.

Here is a portrait of Mr. S. P. Dodge, of the Yale University Dramatic Association, as Winifred Yester, in Captain Robert Marshall's "Shades of Night." As is very evident, Mr. Dodge makes an excellent stage-girl; and so it is particularly interesting to note that he is the champion light-weight wrestler of Yale. The Yale actors

gave three one-act plays during their Christmas tour this year—"Shades of Night," Hermann Sudermann's "Fritzchen," and Théodore de Banville's "Gringoire." The tour in question, the longest ever made by the Association, covered Syracuse, Rochester, Erie, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, and Columbus.



## A NEW BEAUTY COME TO TOWN: THE BRIDE OF "OH! I SAY!"



THE SUZETTE OF THE CRITERION: MISS SYBIL DE BRAY—A SPECIAL PORTRAIT.

Miss Sybil de Bray won an immediate success in "Oh! I Say!" and it was at once recognised that a new beauty had come to Town and the London stage.

She plays the bride of Marcel Durosé.

*Photograph Specially Taken for "The Sketch" by Wrather and Buys.*



# "NUTS AND WINE": CHAINED HUSBAND AND "WHO'S THE LADY?"



1. WHERE HUSBANDS ARE CHAINED UP WHILE WIVES SHOP: MR. NELSON KEYS AS GEE GEE, AND MISS VIOLET LLOYD AS GOO GOO IN THE EMPIRE STORES.

2. "WHO'S THE LADY?" BURLESQUED: A DOUBLE CANDLE-ACT.

In our photograph of the burlesque of "Who's the Lady?" are seen Mr. Nelson Keys; Miss Violet Lloyd; Mr. Albert Le Fre as the Bishop's delegate to the Garrick; and Miss Dahila Gordon as Miss Jean Aylwin as Gobette, who feels that she should turn mimic, as, since she has been in French farce, she knows how to take off anything

*Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*



# "SHOULD A WOMAN KEEP IT DARK?": THE "NUTS AND



## LIVING MARIONETTES PARODYING THE BRIXTON VICAR'S PLAYLET: THE MOST NO

The newest feature of "Nuts and Wine"—although, of course, it is not strictly new in general idea—is "the New Little Theatre," with living marionettes who in a box): Jack Johnson, Friend of the Rev. F. B. Meyer (Mr. C. Jamieson); the Rev. F. B. Meyer (Mr. Lauri Hunter); Wilkie Bard (Mr. Albert le Fre); Ed Lloyd; George Graves (Mr. Nelson Keys); the Vicar of Brixton

*Photograph by Foulsham and*



# D WINE" VERSION OF "SHOULD THE WOMAN TELL?"

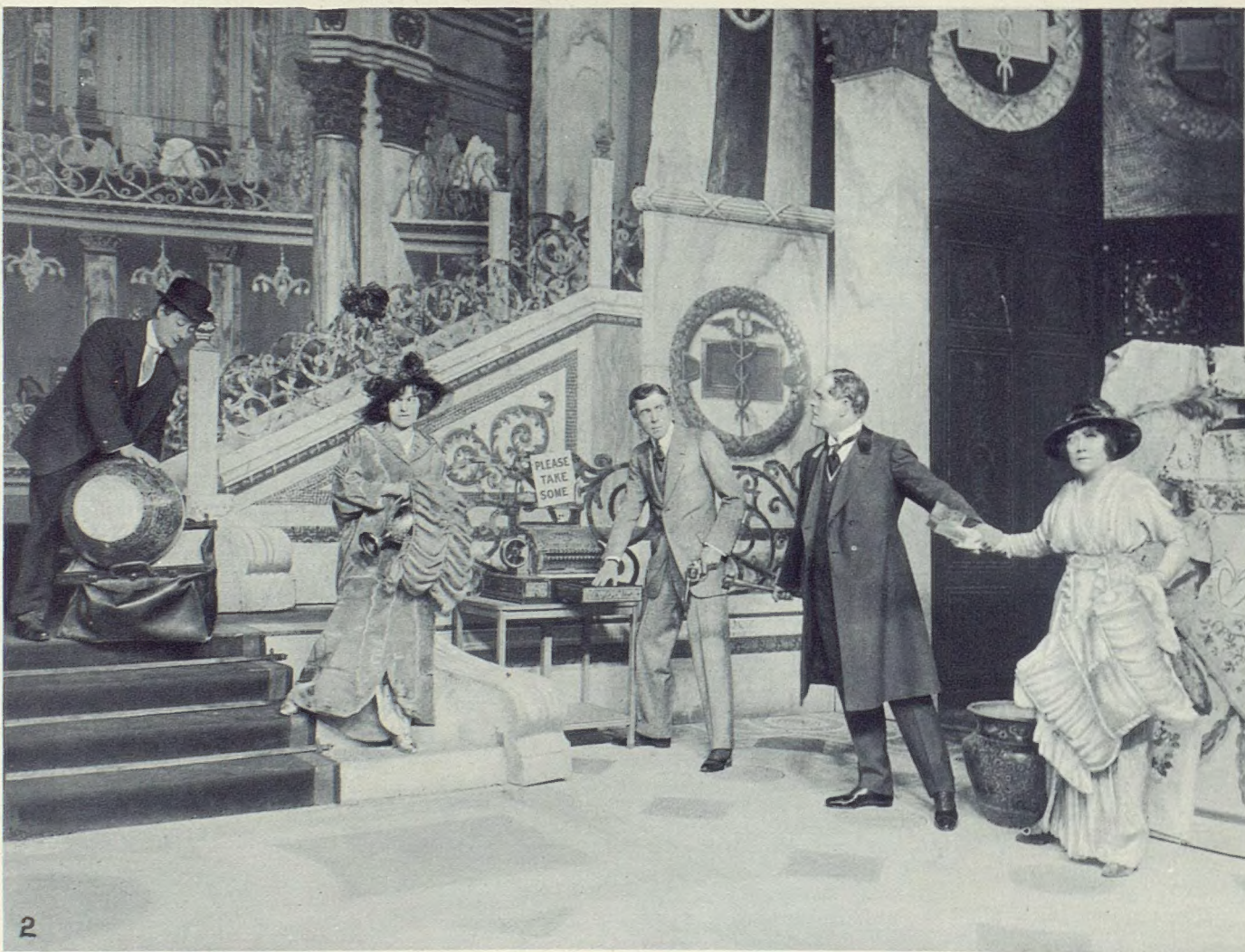
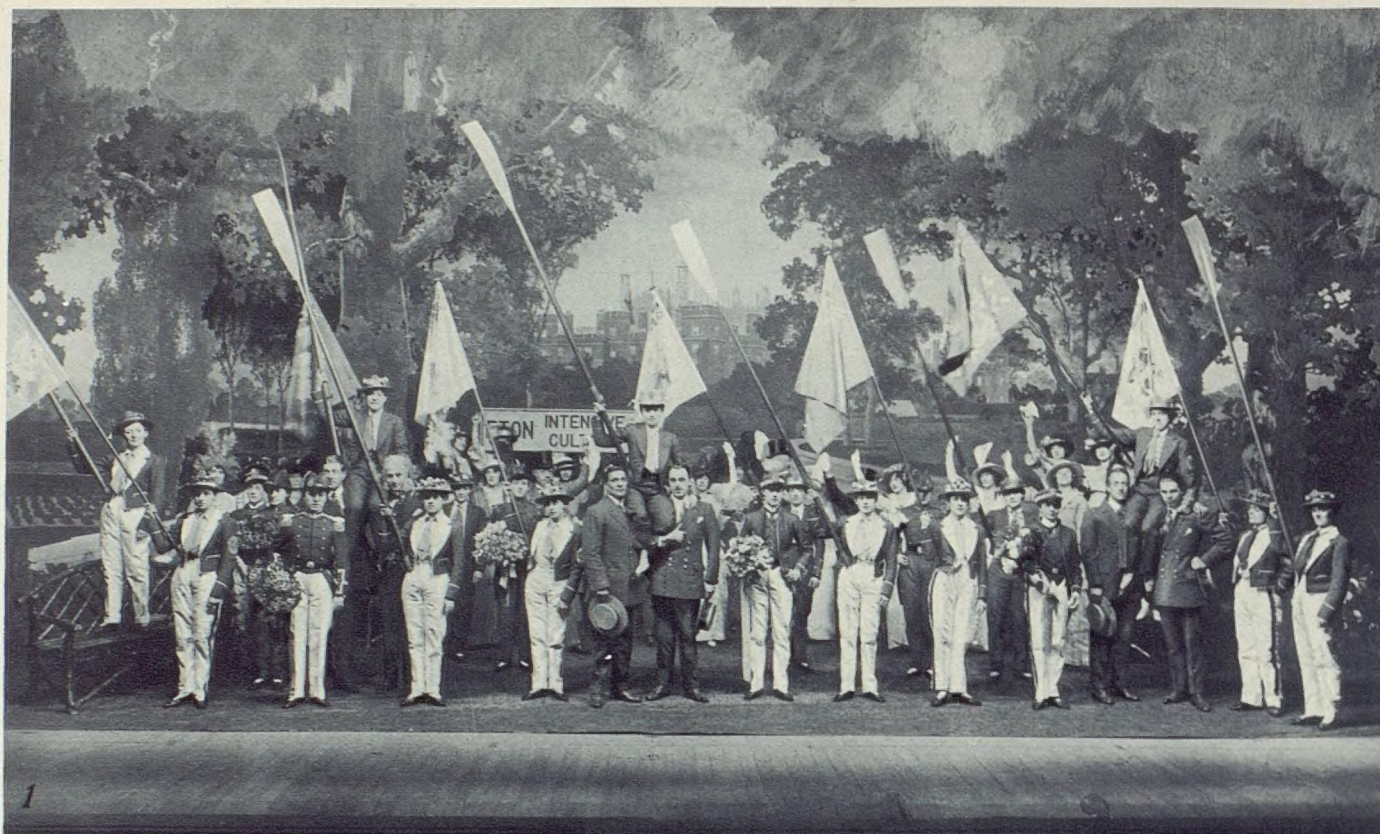


VEL FEATURE OF THE NEW LITTLE THEATRE OF THE NEW EMPIRE REVUE.

burlesque the Brixton Vicar's "Should the Woman Tell?" and matters incidental to it. From left to right are seen (beginning in a box and ending  
mund Payne (Mr. Fred Payne); Sir Herbert Tree (Mr. Hugh Kennedy); Mrs. Patrick Campbell (Miss Peggy Ross); Mlle. Gaby Deslys (Miss Violet  
(Mr. Lauri Aster); and Mr. Punch (Mr. Eric Thorne).



# "NUTS AND WINE": THE NEW ETON AND "WITHIN THE LAW."



1. AT THE NEW ETON, WHERE THERE ARE BUT THREE CLASSES—THE TANGO, THE MUSIC-HALL, AND THE AGRICULTURAL: THE FOURTH OF JUNE.
2. "WITHIN THE LAW" BURLESQUED: JOE GARSON, MARY TURNER, AND THEIR ASSOCIATES DOING A LITTLE SHOP-LIFTING.

The New Eton is the second scene of the new Empire Revue, "Nuts and Wine." The burlesque of "Within the Law" takes place in the New Empire Stores. On the left of our photograph is Mr. Albert Le Fre as Mr. J. V. Bryant as Richard

Gilder; then come Miss Violet Lloyd as Miss Mabel Russell as Agnes Lynch; then are representatives of Mr. Eille Norwood as Joe Garson, and Mr. Frederick Ross as Edward Gilder. On the right is, Miss Rose Hamilton as Miss Edyth Goodall.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



## A TELESCOPIC DRESS: FOR SUCH CRAZE-DANCES AS THE TANGO?



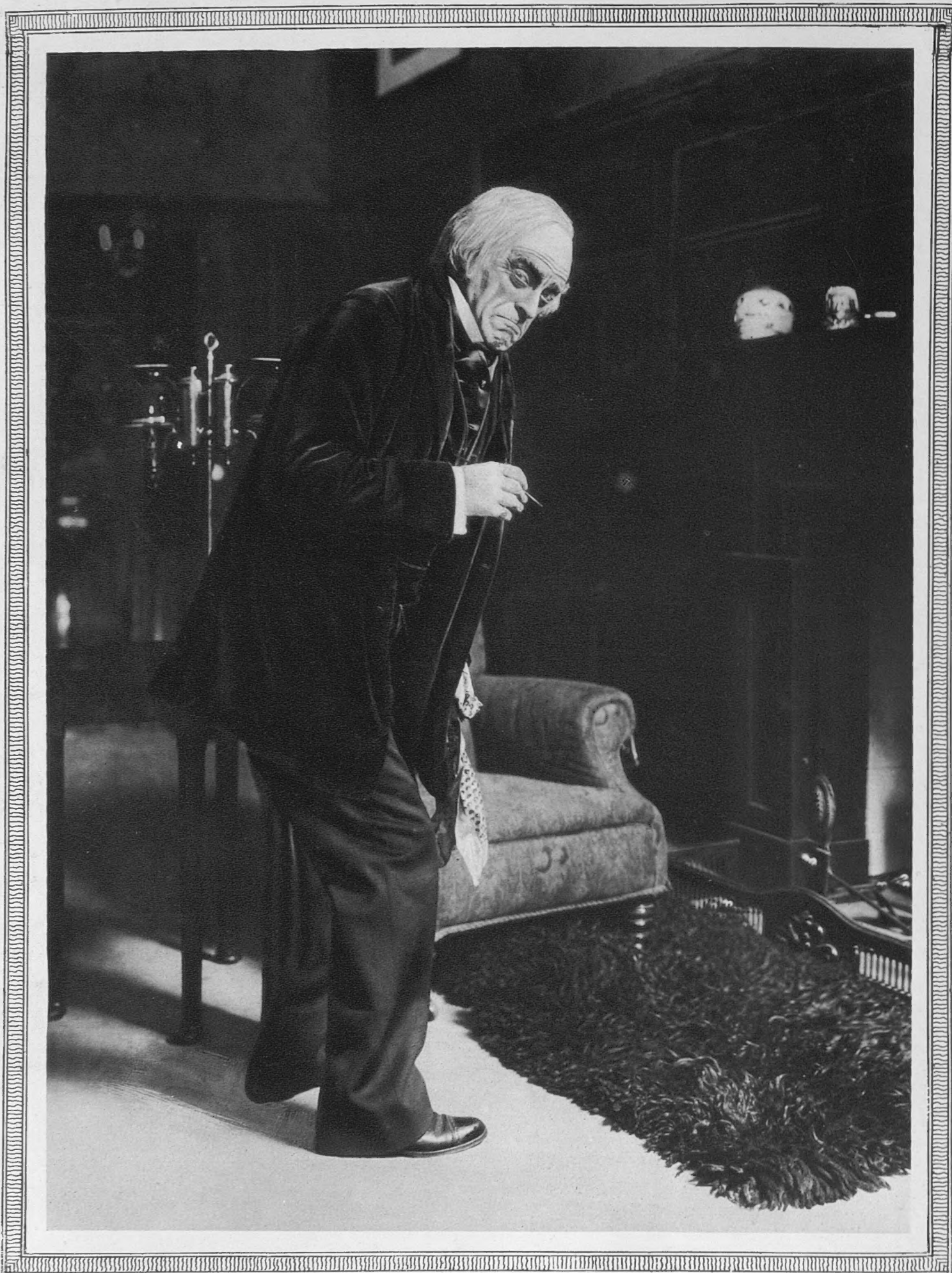
SKIRT EXTENDED; AND SKIRT CLOSED: A CURIOUS "TROUSER" AND "KNICKERBOCKER" GOWN  
WORN BY MISS MADGE LESSING.

Here is another fashion which even its maker and its charming wearer will permit us to call freakish—an affair which, as it were, telescopes from a gown which is long-skirted and suggests trousers to one which is short-skirted and reveals knickerbockers.

*Photographs by Schneider.*



TENDER, IRRITABLE, EXPLOSIVE, DECENTLY PROFANE, LOVABLE.



PLAYING TO CAPACITY IN NEW YORK: MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS THE OCTOGENARIAN CRIMINAL-LAWYER  
IN "GRUMPY."

Mr. Cyril Maude has made an exceptional success as Grumpy in the comedy of that name, which had a trial week in the provinces here, and is now playing "to capacity" at Wallack's Theatre, New York. During a recent week, for example, the houses represented 15,070 dollars, which, it is claimed, was a record not beaten

at the particular theatre for thirty-two years. Grumpy is an octogenarian, a retired criminal-lawyer, who has been described as "tender, irritable, explosive, decently profane, pathetic, and crafty by turns, but always lovable"; and suddenly finds himself thief-hunting. The play is by Messrs. Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percival.

Photograph by White.



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